

Maine Farmer

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Maine Farmer.

The cranberry crop this year is a light one. The failure is in New Jersey, where the crop is only about one-third of the usual yield. New England has two-thirds of the total crop this year.

There is a good prospect that Maine potatoes, what is left from the rot, will sell for a good price before spring. The general crop throughout the country was by no means as large as last year, and further has been seriously reduced by rot.

Between the boys, the squirrels and the blue jays, there is fun enough under our chestnut trees about this time. And who is too old to enjoy picking chestnuts, especially where the trees are one's own planting?

The advantage of the silo for storing and preserving the corn for fodder purposes is to the front this year. The protracted storm and cloudy weather of a week ago was especially damaging to the corn fodder, then just cut up and shocked.

A new method of digging holes for setting apple trees, entirely original, and which would be fun for the boys, is given by the *Nebraska Farmer*. The plan is to blow them out with dynamite. Thrust an iron bar into the ground three feet, charge with dynamite, and touch her off.

A correspondent of an exchange speaks of the excellent quality of the Spitzenburg apple, and adds, "our people prefer them canned to peaches." This apple is grown in many orchards in this State, and is regarded as one of the very highest quality. Has any one tested them for the special purpose of canning?

A letter from Illinois states: "Corn is moving with a rush from this section of Illinois. The streets of every little town on the railroads are crowded with teams hauling corn from the farms. Great difficulty is experienced in obtaining cars. Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of bushels of old corn are in the cribs on the farms and shipping points in this and all adjacent counties."

It may seem a trifling thing for a boy to win a jack-knife by tossing a ring over it, but that same boy will go again next year with his earnings and take his chance at the same or a more questionable game. An occasional lucky throw may bring him a prize, and the foundation is laid for nights at the gambling table or a bid at the horse race.—J. D. Smith.

FERTILIZE THE ORCHARD.

The apple trees have borne an immense crop of fruit the past season. It takes not only vitality in the trees themselves, but also fertility in the soil to bring forth and ripen off such a burden of fruit. As a result, the trees are in a measure weakened, and the soil is exhausted of its material out of which the growth of the year has been sustained in proportion to the year's effort of the trees. If, therefore, the thrift of the trees and their power of fruitage are to be kept up, they call for special and unusual attention at this time in the way of manuring and of culture to make good or replace the draft that has been made upon them.

The trees, therefore, should be fertilized, and the best time to do it is this autumn. Barn manure is always good for this purpose, and always will give in testimony, applied in any way that saves it in the vicinity of the trees. It never fails to assert itself. Applied as top dressing it of course must divide its effects with the grass, the growth of which it so vigorously sustains, hence its value, when so used, is not realized in fruit production. The quantity needed, therefore, under this practice, is greater than would be necessary if the use of its fruit got its full benefit.

Wood ashes or fine ground raw bone meal are both valuable material for the orchard. They neither of them show their effects as promptly as the barn manure, but they last much longer. In our practice we have used wood ashes freely in the past in one of our orchards. It is truly surprising to see how the effect holds out, not only on the trees and their fruit, but also on the grass growing around them.

Our experience in every case has shown the best results in the orchard where the land is plowed and cultivated in connection with the manuring. This need not necessarily be close up to and around the trunk of the tree, and indeed it cannot well be where the branches are low. No matter if some trees even of considerable size are cut off by the plow. Only good results will come from the operation of stirring the soil, letting in the air and letting down the manure applied where the roots of the trees will get the benefit of it rather than the grass growing above them.

It is interesting to note the effect on the trees and on the fruit where we have followed this course for several years. We have not found it necessary to keep the orchard under continuous culture. Two or three years in grass, has kept the trees in a thrifty and productive condition. So far as our observation among

other fruit growers has extended the results have corresponded with our own. Never be afraid of plowing an orchard. The trees another year, and after such a crop as has been produced the past season, will especially need the renovating effects of cultivation.

SUCCESS, HOW SECURED.

The season of fairs is now over for the year. In their management the great question has been, how to awaken an active interest among the general public peopling the field of operations, so that a creditable exhibition may be drawn together and the people will come out to see it in numbers sufficient to meet expenses. More than ever before, this seems to have been the chief concern of the officers to whom the charge has been entrusted of conducting these exhibitions, whether their field of work has been State or local. Admitting at once the necessity for sustaining the treasury of a society of this kind yet we fear the main purpose which calls out the work of the show and fairs is too much overlooked, if not sometimes entirely ignored. Hired exhibitors and schemes "to draw" have about as much public importance as the bill board announcement that "the circus is coming to town."

But the point we purpose in this connection to speak of was the necessity for an interest in the enterprise by those who are expected to make up the attendance. It may be set down as settled by experience that the success of these annual cattle shows and fairs, whether on a large scale and covering a broad field or limited in their scope, is dependent on local interest. The people must be interested in the success of the undertaking. This has been shown over and over again in the experience of the past. This is what has made our State fair the marked success it has been and has brought the crowds of people from all quarters of the State and especially from the near-by locality to its exhibitions.

It is what brings out the people, if they come at all, to their county fairs. It is what makes the local town fair. It is the absence of this interest on the part of the public and the people of the locality that causes the attendance at Rigby, of which the Portland papers complain as they do, to be so light. It is from lack of interest that makes it impracticable for certain localities to hold a successful county fair. It is no use, anywhere, for a board of officers to think of making a success of a fair without the people are back of them with their support. Attractions for a time may win some gate money from the tables, but a permanent success is not established in that way. We fear some managers are not at work with the problem on the right line of approach. Reach the people, and success is assured.

SEPARATOR VS. THE COOLEY PROCESS.

Notwithstanding the fact that the dairy schools extol the separators at the expense of the deep-setting system of creaming milk, we have contended and still claim that it is practicable to do as good work with the latter system as with the separator. C. W. Bowker, proprietor of the Westmoreland, (N. H.) creamery, made six exhibits of butter at the late Bay State fair at Worcester, three separator and three of the Cooley. Each of the six samples drew a prize, as follows: In tubs, the Cooley butter won first prize and the separator second; firsts, Cooley first and separator second; boxes, Cooley second and separator third. Orin Douglas of Boston was the judge.

By the way, the Bay State fair did some very good test work at that exhibition, both with the Babcock and the churn. In this case the measure of the butter fat by the Babcock was put in comparison with the work of the churn. The following table gives the result in detail:

Judge's number of cows.	Pounds of milk in 24 hours.	Average Babcock test.	Butter required by Babcock test.	Butter actually churned.	Babcock test in excess.	Churn in excess.
1	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
2	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
3	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
4	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
5	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
6	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
7	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
8	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
9	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00
10	20.0	20.0	1.00	1.00	0.00	0.00

Total butter required by Babcock test, 19.71 pounds.
Total butter churned, 19.39 pounds.
Discrepancy between the two tests only .32 of a pound. Such work as that is highly instructive, and the Bay State did a good thing in bringing it out. The results show the churn to be an accurate measure of the butter making value of milk, and at the same time a reliable test of the productive powers of the cow producing it, provided of course it is skillfully handled. The Babcock cannot be depended upon unless in competent hands.

EDUCATION PAYS.

Many farmer boys are now undecided whether to leave the old homestead and press their way into the crowded city,

there to engage in the severe and uncertain struggles of a business life, or to remain upon the old farm, adopting agriculture as their life work. These boys like the farm, and hesitate to adopt farming only that they fear the return may not be commensurate with the efforts put forth. But if the great financial troubles which have recently swept over this country have proved one thing more conclusively than another, it has proved the uncertainty of business ventures in the city, and the certainty of competence, comfort and the best things of life to those who sensibly and systematically follow farming. Each day develops the fact that education and training pay on the farm, as they pay elsewhere in life, and other things being equal, the young man who fortifies himself by a thorough agricultural education will succeed much better than the one who neglects this precaution.—T. J. Van Mater, at Farmers' Institute.

FARMS AND FARMERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

There may be sections where Nature has been more lavish of her gifts than up and down the St. John valley or out towards the Bay, but unfortunately in the man who finds the spot. If with all these there could go the busy town, and army of feeders, ideal conditions might reasonably be expected. There is, however, no evidence that they would be found, for poor, weak, human nature has so far thrived, and accomplished most, when under the ban of adverse surroundings. Rocky soils and rough lands, calling for the greatest skill and energy, have given the returns through the orchards and crops. The land which needs to be tilled in order to laugh, has not yet been the one yielding most satisfactory returns to the native born inhabitants. Farmers of Carlton county are blessed with a rich, fertile soil, easily operated, and ready to respond with a bountiful harvest.

While year by year one notes advance, it seems to be less rapid than in other portions not so well favored. Because of the ease with which the raw products can be produced there has not been the advance in the finished classes which would have yielded greatest profit. Cheese factories have been established, but only indifferently patronized. Butter making has progressed with individuals, but not in proportion to its importance as a money making crop. Wool and mutton growing show but little change from former years. The quality of the horses does not indicate the large increase which lavish expenditure on the part of the Government in the purchase of stallions would warrant. The general purpose cow still curses the farmer of New Brunswick, as she carries about in her constitutional make-up the fact that she is part beef and part milk, and not good in either. When the pork classes are touched better conditions prevail. To be sure one finds the long plow point hitched to the razor backed pig, but the numbers are smaller than formerly, and the benefits of the importations made are apparent on every hand.

The great fact that the day for reaping dollars out of raw products direct has not yet been woven into the lives of the tillers of the soil as it must, and is one must fit, not fight, the market, is not yet accepted. The gospel of salvation down East, if not elsewhere, is that of better dairy practices, cows of the dairy type, built for a special purpose, that of making the largest possible amount of three and four per cent. milk, and barns so constructed that the free air and sunshine may reach the tie-ups in abundance.

Good farms, comfortable buildings, well fenced fields and thickly settled sections impressed the visitor driving over fifty miles of this rich county, but with this there went also the impression that the first step to be taken is to let the sunshine in somewhere else save the sliding board windows where the dressing is thrown out.

Although now almost the middle of October, the potatoes are not yet half dug, and nearly every farm has from one-half to two or three acres of turnips to be harvested. Out over the Inter-Colonial through the wonderful valley at Sussex to Pettitodiac, the story of the upper country is repeated, and the lesson must be the same.

Exhibitions.

The Carlton Co. Fair is one of the best three days exhibitions in the whole Province, well officered, well organized, with efficient men in charge of every department. Secretary Watts has proved himself a most valuable officer, holding the position for years. The same is true of President C. L. S. Raymond.

Starting promptly, in spite of dull weather, the programme was carried forward without delay. The show of farm products was immense, basket after basket of potatoes spread out on the one side of the large tent, while on the opposite were the barrels of turnips. Such Ruta Bagas we have never seen, some weighing twenty-six pounds and more, of good quality throughout, and just the thing for the cattle. With a yield of twenty tons per acre, the crop this year must be enormous. The show of other vegetables, save beans, oats and buckwheat was not large, but the quality was excellent throughout.

In the horse classes one found many

good specimens tracing to Harry Wilkes, Lumps, Harbinger and other well known trotting bred stallions, also those representing the larger type, and here the colts by Knight of Chester showed to great advantage. In the carriage class nine good road horses appeared, a class hard to excel at a county fair.

The sheep show was large, the Shropshires leading, with the South-downs a good second, well built, blocky, good sized sheep and lambs, a credit to the farmers producing them.

Out among the cattle, good individuals were found, but they were outnumbered by the grade bulls and general purpose cows lacking individuality. A few choice Ayrshires and some grand Jerseys were the exception. One yearling heifer would make a Maine butter maker's mouth water and eyes moisten, so well shaped and promising was she. The bulls of this breed were all good in type and promising in desired points, while their calves gave evidence of developing into superior animals.

The poultry show carried a few good birds like the Leghorns, Minorcas, Plymouth Rocks and Toulouse geese, but as a whole did not indicate any fair appreciation of the value of the industry to the farmers of New Brunswick. Some day somebody will wake to find that the dollars have slipped through their fingers as the hens have been neglected.

The exhibit of dairy products was far and away ahead of the last exhibition we visited at Woodstock, and while not attractively displayed was good in quality. Evidently the work of the Farmers' Association and especially the Traveling Dairy, is bearing fruit in this county. At Centerville, near Bridgewater, and at Woodstock the good results of dairy instruction could easily be seen. A one day's exhibition was held at Centerville, where, in crowded quarters, a very excellent display was made, extra good butter shown, some of the best horses brought out we have seen during the year, and a large number of cows of the same general type, or want of type, as are found elsewhere. It was a good local exhibition, but lost its object lesson influence by reason of the short time given.

At Pettitodiac another afternoon was given to examination of stock and products, finding the per cent. of positive good increased, the Ayrshires, Jerseys and grades being excellent specimens, large milk and butter producers. Potatoes, potatoes, potatoes everywhere with but little demand, though selling for better prices than in Maine. From eighty cents to one dollar per bbl. is being paid. There is also the same showing of enormous turnips, beets and other vegetables, while the bags of well filled grain crowd long tables.

Sussex.

If there is any spot where nature has massed her favors, it is in this centre of Kings county. From the village where they unite, stretching away in so many directions, are seven valleys, rich, fertile, easily worked and always responding to good business cultivation. The hills furnish an abundance of the very best of pasture, and everything invites to energy and thrift, promising bountiful returns. Each visit to this section confirms first impressions in this respect.

Although the exhibition was local, confined to two parishes, it was, in quality and extent, a representative county fair. The show of vegetables was simply remarkable both in quality and quantity. Fruit was sadly deficient and either the farmers have failed to set the trees and care for the same or soil and climate are not congenial. The northern counties far outstrip the southern in fruit, but everywhere the bad effects following the excessive planting of the so-called New Brunswick—the Duchess of Oldenburg, may be noted.

Here for the first time, we found a creditable poultry exhibit, many of the specimens being fine, worthy a place in the sharpest competition. Formerly this was the horse centre of the Province, but interest has lagged and the number and grade of those shown are not now equal to other sections, the great majority being grade draft stock. In the cattle ring all was changed. Here the evidence of well selected importations could readily be seen and with this the fact of good care. Sussex furnishes the great bulk of milk consumed in St. John, and nearly every cow or heifer was a full blood or Grade Ayrshire, promising heavy production in the pail.

It was a rich sight to look down the long strings, marred only by the evident humanity seen in abnormally distended udders. Milk and not butter is the cry and naturally dairy products fall below the standard set in the markets, and while large in quantity lacked flavor and suffered from excessive working.

The few Jerseys seen were choice specimens and will maintain themselves, and the breed, in hot company.

With a President active and alive to the situation, backed by a faithful, painstaking corps of officers, there is needed only necessary sheds and stalls for the holding of all classes of stock throughout the exhibition, and a large, well lighted exhibition building, for Kings county to set forth a yearly county fair,

which will fairly represent the Province of New Brunswick.

Sussex is the home of the agricultural paper of the Province, "The Co-operative Farmer," and under the wise direction of Mr. W. W. Hubbard, so well known to the readers of the *Maine Farmer* by his valued contributions to these columns, it is making for itself a place, and commanding the earnest support of the intelligent farmers throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Two of the bright young men, thoroughly equipped by years of training at the Agricultural College, are employed by the Government to go about through the cheese factories, inspect the milk as well as cheese, and secure not only the highest grade but the greatest possible uniformity in quality. The result is that there is an active demand for export and prices are well maintained.

Through the Provincial Farmers' Association, a traveling dairy is maintained and object lessons and addresses set before the people in every locality. Great good is resulting and future prospects are bright with promise.

The experiment attempted this year of having public addresses on the fair grounds upon Animal Structure, has provoked such interest and enthusiasm that in the exhibitions of the future these will be recognized features of attraction and entertainment.

The young men who are to-day pushing the agricultural interests of the Province are in the fight to win, and, backed by the Government and the varied associations, propose to bring the standards of breeding, care, feeding, and making of products into full harmony with the critical demands of to-day, conscious that here alone is the pathway to better homes and increasing prosperity. G. M. T.

FOUR WAYS OF PRESERVING CORN FOR WINTER.

For two years past experiments were conducted to determine the best method of preserving the corn plant for winter use. Four methods were tried. First, whole ensilage was made by running the newly cut corn through a cutter, reducing it to half-inch lengths, then putting into the silo. Second, the ears were husked, cribbed, dried and ground, cob and all, and fed in connection with the stalks, which had been previously cut and made into ensilage; this was called stover ensilage and meal. Third, the fodder was preserved in large shocks, and before feeding was run through a cutter, ears and all, and cut into half-inch lengths. Fourth, the corn was husked from the fodder ground with the cob and fed with the stover, after it had been run through the cutter as needed from time to time.

Samples from the material preserved by the different methods were carefully analyzed, and the fodder was fed to a herd of fourteen milk cows. It was found that each of the methods preserved about four-fifths of the dry matter harvested, the loss from each being practically the same in quantity and in character. The fodders kept in the shock lost more and more dry matter as the winter progressed. The ears in the silo during the last test lost more of their food value than those preserved in any other way, this being the reverse of a previous test. The relative cost of placing the same amount of dry matter in the manger was greatly in favor of whole ensilage. Time and money spent in husking and grinding the ears were wasted, as better results were obtained when the ears were left on the stalk. The ensilages were relished much better by the cows, and they did better upon them.

Equal quantities of milk and butter were made by feeding whole ensilage or stover ensilage and meal. The cows ate less dry matter from whole ensilage to produce the same amounts of butter and milk, consequently the whole ensilage lasted longest and resulted in the greatest quantity of dairy product. There were but 91 or 92 pounds of milk and butter produced by a given amount of stover ensilage and meal to 100 pounds obtained from the same amount of dry matter in the whole-ensilage ration.

In the main, these results agree with those of a former trial at the Vermont station, and confirm the opinion of many that nothing is equal to ensilage as a rough winter dairy feed.—Vermont Experiment Station Report.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF COLOR IN PLANTS.

Chlorophyll is perhaps the most important coloring substance in the world, for upon this substance depends the characteristic activity of plants, the synthesis of complex compounds from carbon dioxide and water—a process upon which the existence of all living things is ultimately conditioned. Only in a very few unimportant forms devoid of chlorophyll can the synthesis of complex from simple compounds or from the elements be accomplished. The function of chlorophyll may only be comprehended when its chief physical properties are understood. These may be best illustrated if a solution of the substance is obtained by placing a gramme of chopped leaves of Grass or Geranium in a few cubic centimetres of strong alcohol for an hour. Such a solution will be of a bright, clear green

color, and when the vessel containing it is held in such a manner that the sunlight is reflected from the surface of the liquid, it will appear blood-red, due to its property of fluorescence, that of changing the wave length of the rays of light of the violet end of the spectrum in such manner as to make them coincide with those of the red end. It is by examination of light which has passed through a solution of chlorophyll, however, that the greatest insight into its physical properties may be gained. If such a ray of such light is passed through a prism and spread out on a screen, it may be seen that there are several large intervals or dark bands in the spectrum. The rays of light which would have occupied these spaces have been absorbed by the chlorophyll, and converted into heat and other forms of energy. This energy is directly available to the protoplasm containing the chlorophyll, and by means of it the synthesis of complex substance may be accomplished.—Prof. D. T. McDougal.

COMMON-SENSE.

In the efforts to show and convince the people that vast sums of money should be appropriated from the State treasuries to enable the veterinarians to reduce the number of dairy cows in the country, we notice a new scheme. The new scheme is to inject milk from cows that were known to have tuberculosis into the veins of Guinea pigs, and because the pigs died from blood poison within a few days it is noised abroad that the disease is, and can be, transmitted by the use of milk, as if milk was generally used in that way. Of course, quite a large number of pigs died, as would be naturally expected. The substances in the milk, even from the healthiest cow on earth, injected into the blood, would undergo decomposition and poison the blood; and we have no doubt that if this wise man had injected some water from the ordinary pasture drinking ponds and sloughs of that locality into the blood of the pigs as many of them would have died. Would the doctor allow either milk or pond water to be injected into his veins? There is no connection whatever in parallels of vein injection and stomach digestion, in finding out whether disease is transmittable from animal to animal or man in that sense. Germs placed in the stomach, where they are "ground up under the nether millstones" of digestion, is quite another matter from introducing decaying or putrefactive substances into the blood direct. This is attempting proof at the wrong end of the line. It must be proved, which it has not been, that tuberculosis germs are dangerous when taken with food and going through the natural processes of digestion, not injection into the blood direct of the consumers. But few, we imagine, are using milk food in that way. We have no doubt that there are many diseased cows in the country; but there is no proof that the numbers are proportionately increasing, or the fatalities from the use of milk are yet above the minimum. There is no disposition in this to dispute, but rather admit facts; but when facts (?) are proven by injecting of milk into the blood of Guinea pigs, we say call a halt.—Practical Farmer.

A GREAT CORN-SHOW.

Illinois did herself proud with a "corn exhibit" at her State Fair. There was a class open to any of the States; a class for the northern division of the State, the central, and the southern; a class for each county in the State. The collection drawn together was said to be an interesting feature of that great exhibition, and one that could not fail to impress the observer with the fact that Illinois "will roll up a princely contribution to the world's wealth" in her great crop of the present year.

In judging the exhibit the following scale of points was used:

SCORE-CARD—EAR CORN.	Points
1. Shape and uniformity of exhibit.	10
2. Purity of color in both corn and cob.	10
3. Ripeness indicating market condition.	10
4. Filling out at ends.	10
5. Perfection and uniformity of grain.	10
6. Length of ear.	10
7. Circumference of ear.	10
8. Space between rows.	10
9. Per cent. of grain to cob.	25
Total.	100

STANDARD OF PERFECTION.

A perfect ear of corn should be, for the Northern division, 10 inches in length and 7 inches in circumference; for the Central division, 10½ inches in length and 7½ inches in circumference; for the Southern division, 11 inches in length and 8 inches in circumference. Should yield 85 per cent. of grain, be cylindrical in form, and carry its size the entire length except near the point, where it should taper slightly; well filled out at both ends.

Foreign Apple Market.

Cable advices of this date from the principal apple markets in Europe report a very unsatisfactory condition of the markets during the early part of the week. The enormous arrivals caused a serious drop in values. Baldwins and Hubbards sold down as low as \$1.50 to \$2.00 a barrel for fine stock, with Kings selling at \$2.00 to \$2.75. These prices were for perfectly sound stock, with out a conditioned parcel selling all the way from 50c to \$1.00 a barrel. Yesterday's market showed considerable improvement, and prices were from 25c

to 50c higher, with the demand good and large.

It must be borne in mind that consignments of mixed varieties and ordinary packing are netting very poor results, leaving the shippers little or nothing, and I would strongly advise those who have not good sized lines of one variety, and their apples not packed as I have directed, they had better accept any price at home rather than to risk shipping. While the enormous shipments from New York, Boston and Montreal continue, I can see no likelihood of foreign markets realizing anything like decent prices.

Wherever it is possible for growers to take care of their fruit properly for two or three months, I strongly advise them to do so, and only endeavor to market a portion of their crop during the next month or six weeks. I feel perfectly satisfied that if growers will select their finest large fruit and pack in these half barrel cases, and store them in good cold cellars, they can be shipped later on, and to what is likely to be better markets than those now current.

The total shipments from Boston to all ports foot up 53,105 bbls., of which 39,049 went to Liverpool and 3056 to London. GEO. A. COCHRANE.

Boston, Oct. 17.

Communications.

For the *Maine Farmer*.
HARVESTING—THE FRUIT BUSINESS—MISSION OF THE GRANGE.

BY L. O. S.

Harvesting nearly completed after a long and difficult trial. An abundant crop production of all kinds, especially of apples. Potatoes rotting some. The long needed rain has come filling the streams and fountains as they haven't been for several years. Pastures and grass fields are in fine shape, and stock will come to winter quarters in unusually good condition.

Have read with interest the letters of George A. Cochrane, of Boston—an extensive shipper—relative to boxing, barreling and marketing our Maine fruit, and the sooner the Maine farmers adopt his methods, or others equally good, and take the trade out of the hands of unscrupulous middle men and send and market only No. 1s—feeding the No. 2s to the cattle or swine, if they can be put to no better use—the sooner Maine will regain its lost yet coveted status among the apple growing sections. Let them combine and choose one of their number to negotiate the entire lot, and establish a lasting market by sending strictly first class fruit, packed at the bottom and head and all the way through the same. Buyers abroad have lost confidence in American shippers because of the dishonest methods resorted to in putting the fruit into the market. The quality of the apples does not tally with the X X X on the head of the barrel.

Fruit being of excellent quality, this is an exceptionally good year to begin. Let neighborhoods unite, put their fruit together, selecting some brand or mark, and do business on business principles.

Mr. Whittier, of this State, one of the largest apple growers, receives from fifty cents to one dollar per barrel more than the market price, simply because his name and fame is established as absolutely reliable. His brokers in Boston can sell all he raises—thousands of barrels—whether or not there are few or many apples raised. Would it not be a good move for the subordinate Granges, which is in accordance with the principles and intentions of the organizers of the order?

The Grange is for some purpose other than meeting forthrightly simply for social and literary amusement. Its aim is to aid its members by coöperating, and made up of farmers, as the subordinate Granges are, with the grand lessons taught therein, grangers lose golden opportunities by their laxity of organization and consequent protection. I have long since felt the Grange is not so completely fulfilling its mission as might be, certainly one of the "most beneficent and useful secular organizations in the country." It should be what its founders, Kelly, Trimbull, Ireland, and others, planned it should be. That it should not only encourage more extensively a cordial and social fraternity of the farmers, to beautify their homes, elevate and make them more progressive, but that they should work together to make the most out of what they raise upon the farm. And we may add, to raise more of it and better goods.

If there is a living in a little raised on the farm, there certainly is profit in the surplus. No farmer can afford to hibernate. Although this season's labor in crop raising is ended, he should begin the preparation for next year's production, and with the aid of agricultural reports and papers the thoughtful man will make two blades of grass grow next year where only one grew this.

"He that would thrive must rise at five; He that bath thrives may lie till seven; And he that by the plow would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive." Newfield.

Four thousand barrels of potatoes were purchased in Caribou one day last week. The potato market is improving there. Fifty cents per barrel is the price now paid.

Choice Miscellany.

WERE I BUT HIS WIFE.

Were I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him,
The little of sorrow should fall on my dear,
I'd chant him my low love verses, stealing be-
side him,
So faint and so tender his heart would be
And there at his feet would I lay them all
I'd sing him the song of our poor stricken is-
land,
Till his heart was on fire with love like my
own.

There's a rose by his dwelling, I'd tend the
lone flower,
That he might have flowers when the sum-
mer would come,
There's a hilly in his hall, I would wake its
sweet measure,
For he must have music to brighten his home.
Were I but his own wife to guide and to guard
him,
The little of sorrow should fall on my dear,
For every kind glance my whole life would
be his.

In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd
cheer him,
My heart is a font welling upward forever,
When I think of my true love by night or by
day,
That heart keeps its faith like a fast flowing
river,
Which gushes forever and sings on its way.
I have thought full of peace for his soul to re-
pose in,
Were I but his own wife to win and to woo,
Oh, sweet, if the night of misfortune were
to rise,
To rise like the morning star, darling, for
me.

—Mary Downing in Minneapolis Journal.

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN

I passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew—
Hortensias and tomatoes,
And pink and white roses,
And lilacs and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a pipe,
And a rosy Dutch face
With a shawl like a cow,
And a flaxen haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch
garden,
Blue flag flowers, lovely and tall,
And early bluish roses,
And little pink pansies,
But Gretchen was fonder than all.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch
garden,
It tumbled right in as I passed,
Mid' "wondering maids"
Of pink and white roses,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

—Hattie Wilton in Boston Budget.

AT SEA.

Shall we, the storm tossed sailors, weep
For those who may not sail again,
Or wisely envy them and keep
Our pity for the living men?

Beyond the weary waste of sea,
Beyond the wider waste of death,
I strain my gaze and cry to those
Whose still heart never answered.

Oh, brother, is thy coral bed
So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech?
This hand, methinks, if I were dead,
To thy dear hand would still be pressed.

I would not, if I had to choose,
For each to bear the other's part
That mine should be the silent voice,
And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
Whate'er its end or port or reef,
We part the voyage and begin,
For all ships sail the sea of grief.

—James Jeffrey Roche in Angelus Magazine.

NAVY, ASK NO VOW.

Nay, ask no vow, dear heart. Too lightly speak
The word "forever" on our careless lips.
We pledge eternity with our careless lips,
Forgotten, abandoned, single eye with clay.
How do you know your eyes will always shine
With that glad welcome when they meet with
me?

How dare I say this heart for aye will swell
To answer yours, knowing its frailty well?
Today pledged troth and clasping hands,
Tomorrow shattered faith and broken hands,
Oh, pitiful for mortal lips to swear!
To bind the fragile heart to love's altar,
That our love's flower, escaping frost and
blight,
May bloom immortal, as we hope tonight.

—Catherine Young Glen in Century.

A ROYAL PROGRESS.

When spring, like Raleigh, flung his cloak
For her small foot's light tread,
The strapping larches fringed his brow,
And pineson leaves 'gan spreading.

The vernal sun, his glory shedding,
In cloth of gold and crimson red,
When spring, like Raleigh, flung his cloak
For her small foot's light tread.

The loyal birds shrilled homage words,
And daisies, humble field flowers heaving,
Jared and bobbed beneath his feet,
Deked out as for a royal wedding.

When spring, like Raleigh, flung his cloak
For her small foot's light tread,
L. Howard in New England Monthly.

BIG CALIFORNIA FORTUNES.

Half of Those Who Inherited Them Are

California has long had a reputation as
the home of the bonanza king, and a
recently issued document, based on the
records of the San Francisco probate
court, tells an interesting story of the
contests and entanglements which have
maded about the last testament of many
famous millionaires and the final dispo-
sition of the vast estates they left behind
them. The document gives the history
of 53 wills, disposing of \$175,000,000.
About 400 heirs divided that vast sum,
and today nearly half of that number
are penniless again, and only a few
have succeeded in adding to their in-
heritance.

The average number of persons pro-
vided for in each will was ten, though
in a number of instances, the most no-
table of which was the case of Florence
Blythe, the entire estate passed into the
hands of single heirs. The compara-
tively small estate of Kate Johnson,
which was appraised at \$1,250,000,
reached more heirs than any other, the
number on the list being 35, while the
\$4,000,000 of Thomas Blythe went to
the one child, Florence, after a celebra-
tory trial. The estate of Maria Coleman
was valued at \$1,757,000, and it went
equally to three heirs. Charles Crocker's
\$32,000,000 reached six persons, while
Mary Ann Crocker's \$11,883,657
went share and share alike to four of
the six who got Charles Crocker's larger
fortune.

Peter Donahue's \$3,708,819 went in
equal parts to three heirs. Mrs. Theresa
Fair's \$4,693,250 went to three persons
—Charles L. Fair, Miss Virginia Fair
and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs—while Wil-
liam F. Fuller distributed his \$1,771,-
263 to seven persons of his name.
Emanuel Goldstein's \$1,000,000 went
to six heirs. George H. H. H. H. H. H.
went in equal parts to his wife and son,
while Walter S. Hobart's \$5,273,866
went in thirds to his three children—
Walter Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart and
Mrs. Winthrop Lester. Mary Hopkins'
\$30,694,792 went to two persons. Robert
C. Johnson's \$1,910,550 went to 11
persons in almost equal portions.

There are a few exceptions to the
general course of estates, as in the case
of Lick and Stanford. The \$5,000,000
of the Lick estate went chiefly to one

Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious.



The Breakfast Cocoa
MADE BY
WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
DORCHESTER, MASS.
COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.
NO CHEMICALS.
ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
WALTER BAKER & CO'S BREAKFAST COCOA
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE
ON EVERY CAN.
•AVOID IMITATIONS•

hair and to a number of trusts of a pub-
lic nature created before James Lick's
death. Charles McLaughlin left his
\$3,476,000 to his widow, while Alexander
Montgomery's \$3,366,846 went to
three heirs. Daniel T. Murphy's \$2,-
041,670 went to six heirs. William S.
O'Brien's \$9,655,450 reached eight per-
sons. James Phelan left an even mil-
lion, which reached four persons in
shares and a number of small legacies.
A. J. Pope's \$1,600,000 reached four
heirs. Washington Ryer left \$1,376,898
to 15 persons. Leland Stanford's \$17,-
688,319 went to four persons and the
trust for the university.—Denver Field
and Farm.

SOME COMMON NAMES.

Fifty of the Most Numerous in Great Brit-
ain and Ireland.

These are the 50 most common sur-
names of the babies born in England
and Wales, in Scotland and in Ireland,
arranged in the order of their numerical
importance:

- | England and Wales. | Scotland. | Ireland. |
|--------------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Smith. | 1. Smith. | 1. Murphy. |
| 2. Jones. | 2. Jones. | 2. Kelly. |
| 3. Williams. | 3. Williams. | 3. Sullivan. |
| 4. Taylor. | 4. Taylor. | 4. Walsh. |
| 5. Brown. | 5. Brown. | 5. O'Brien. |
| 6. Robinson. | 6. Robinson. | 6. Byrne. |
| 7. Evans. | 7. Evans. | 7. O'Neill. |
| 8. Wilson. | 8. Wilson. | 8. Kelly. |
| 9. Miller. | 9. Miller. | 9. O'Connell. |
| 10. Moore. | 10. Moore. | 10. O'Leary. |
| 11. White. | 11. White. | 11. O'Donnell. |
| 12. Thompson. | 12. Thompson. | 12. O'Keefe. |
| 13. Green. | 13. Green. | 13. Lynch. |
| 14. Walker. | 14. Walker. | 14. Murray. |
| 15. Hall. | 15. Hall. | 15. O'Connell. |
| 16. Edwards. | 16. Edwards. | 16. O'Connell. |
| 17. Lewis. | 17. Lewis. | 17. O'Connell. |
| 18. Clark. | 18. Clark. | 18. O'Connell. |
| 19. Baker. | 19. Baker. | 19. O'Connell. |
| 20. Turner. | 20. Turner. | 20. O'Connell. |
| 21. Jackson. | 21. Jackson. | 21. O'Connell. |
| 22. Hill. | 22. Hill. | 22. O'Connell. |
| 23. Scott. | 23. Scott. | 23. O'Connell. |
| 24. Cooper. | 24. Cooper. | 24. O'Connell. |
| 25. Reed. | 25. Reed. | 25. O'Connell. |
| 26. Ward. | 26. Ward. | 26. O'Connell. |
| 27. Martin. | 27. Martin. | 27. O'Connell. |
| 28. Baker. | 28. Baker. | 28. O'Connell. |
| 29. Morris. | 29. Morris. | 29. O'Connell. |
| 30. Allen. | 30. Allen. | 30. O'Connell. |
| 31. Young. | 31. Young. | 31. O'Connell. |
| 32. King. | 32. King. | 32. O'Connell. |
| 33. Wright. | 33. Wright. | 33. O'Connell. |
| 34. Green. | 34. Green. | 34. O'Connell. |
| 35. Baker. | 35. Baker. | 35. O'Connell. |
| 36. Morris. | 36. Morris. | 36. O'Connell. |
| 37. Allen. | 37. Allen. | 37. O'Connell. |
| 38. Young. | 38. Young. | 38. O'Connell. |
| 39. King. | 39. King. | 39. O'Connell. |
| 40. Wright. | 40. Wright. | 40. O'Connell. |
| 41. Green. | 41. Green. | 41. O'Connell. |
| 42. Baker. | 42. Baker. | 42. O'Connell. |
| 43. Morris. | 43. Morris. | 43. O'Connell. |
| 44. Allen. | 44. Allen. | 44. O'Connell. |
| 45. Young. | 45. Young. | 45. O'Connell. |
| 46. King. | 46. King. | 46. O'Connell. |
| 47. Wright. | 47. Wright. | 47. O'Connell. |
| 48. Green. | 48. Green. | 48. O'Connell. |
| 49. Baker. | 49. Baker. | 49. O'Connell. |
| 50. Morris. | 50. Morris. | 50. O'Connell. |

—Hall Mail Gazette.

He Ate Cabbage and Lived.

Wonderful are the whims of the hu-
man stomach. What kills one man gives
another life. One of the strangest cases
of a craving for food on the part of a
sick man is narrated by Mrs. Hazen in
"Our Army Nurses." She was at the
time (1864) nurse in the Columbian
hospital at Washington. Among her pa-
tients was a "boy"—though he was a
veteran of four years' standing—who
had come to the hospital several months
before with a wounded knee. This is
her strange story:

"The surgeons had held many exami-
nations. He was failing rapidly; could
not retain anything, even cold water
causing hemorrhage of the stomach.
"What is the verdict, doctor?" I asked
one morning.

"He cannot live but a few days at the
longest," was the answer, "and may
die in a few hours."
"Then, doctor, please let him have
what he wants while he does live."
"I give him into your hands, Miss
Titus. Do what you please for him."

The bandages were at once removed,
as he had complained that they were
uncomfortable. Then, as soon as the
other patients were called, I went to
a market garden and bought a head of
cabbage. He had often said he wanted
something green, if only "boiled grass."
When the cabbage was cooked, I carried
him some, with elder vinegar, and fed
him.

He ate all there was on the plate,
asked for more, which was brought,
and still a third and fourth plate, till
he had eaten the whole cabbage. He
said: "From that dinner, in May, he began
to improve, and on the 14th of June I
started with him on a stretcher for his
home in Pennsylvania, as his life even
then depended upon his diet, and such
meals as he ate would have made a well
man sick."

He recovered, but had a stiff knee.

Tolstoi Answers Questions.

An admirer of the great Russian re-
cently wrote to him asking a reply to
these questions:
First.—Ought a man of medium in-
telligence to express publicly and propa-
gate the principles of life which he
considers to be truthful?
Second.—Is it worth while to try to
know one's self perfectly?
Third.—By what principles can a
man know at a decisive moment whether
it is really his conscience which
prompts him or whether it is only his
reasonings corrupted by natural weak-
ness?

To the first two Tolstoi said "Yes."
To the third he replied that "reason is
given to us by God, and therefore it
must be listened to where conscience
has to decide."—New York World.

English Versus German Universities.

If the tree is to be judged by its
fruits, we shall find it difficult to dis-
pute the proposition that university
education at all events in so far as it
bears upon the physical sciences, is
somewhat more satisfactorily managed
in Germany than in England. The the-
oretical and technical output of Ger-
many is far larger, more regular and
of better quality for practical purposes
than our own, the proof being that Ger-
many is rapidly monopolizing the high-
er and more lucrative branches of in-
dustry, and in addition exporting large
numbers of technical experts.—
London Times.

HOW SALT IS MINED.

METHODS EMPLOYED AT THE EXTEN-
SIVE WORKS IN MICHIGAN.

The Supply of Raw Material, Which Is
Brine, Is Practically Inexhaustible—The
Industry Has Grown Enormously Since
1860, at Which Time It Really Began.

The existence of salt springs in the
lower peninsula of Michigan was known
to the Indians long prior to the advent
of the white men in the country, and
they were resorted to by both Indians
and wild animals. So well known was
this fact of the presence of salt springs
that the general government made nu-
merous reservations of lands which were
supposed to contain salt deposits. By
the act of admission of Michigan into
the Union the state was authorized to
select 72 sections of salt land, or land
where the presence of saline springs in-
dicated the occurrence of salt deposits.
On the organization of the geological
survey the state geologist, Dr. Douglas
Houghton, made an examination, with
the view to the selection of these lands,
and in 1888 reported the results of his
observations. Still these examinations
were limited to surface indications, and
no extended experiments were made to
probe the coast far below the surface.

However, borings were finally under-
taken in several localities, resulting
generally in such a good measure of suc-
cess as to stimulate still further labors,
developing such gratifying results, es-
pecially in the Saginaw valley, that in
1899 the first company was organized
for the manufacture of salt, since which
period this industry has reached its
present stupendous proportions adding
greatly to the wealth and reputation of
the state and the region in which the
business is carried on.

The origin of these deposits is not
known. Whence the waters, lying so
far beneath the surface, derive their sa-
line property there is no apparent means
of determining, nor is the boundary of
the surface known beneath which these
deposits of brine may be found. The
Michigan salt group has a wide extent
in the state, though thus far the great-
est successes have come from the Saginaw
valley. Where the lowest horizon
is found in the salt group the brine is
found to be the strongest, greatest in
amount and best in quality. It is for
this reason that salt wells in the Saginaw
valley have proved to be more valu-
able than elsewhere. It is the region
in which the greatest depression occurs
in the state, though thus far the great-
est successes have come from the Saginaw
valley. Where the lowest horizon
is found in the salt group the brine is
found to be the strongest, greatest in
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in the state, though thus far the great-
est successes have come from the Saginaw
valley.

In 1450 a mill was sold in England for
\$5; an ox for \$10.

More diseases are produced by using
brown and perfumed soaps than by any
other. Why run such terrible risks
when you know Dobbin's Electric Soap
is pure and perfect? Dobbin's prevents
hands from chapping.

Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal you win.

The dyspeptic carries a dreadful load
on his back. It seems as if he were
really made up of two men. One of
them ambitious, brainy and energetic;
the other sick, listless, peevish and with-
out force. The weak man weighs the
other one down. The dyspeptic may be
able to do pretty good work one day,
and the next day because of some little
indigestion in eating, he may be able to
do nothing at all. Dyspepsia is a dyspep-
sia start with constipation. Constipation
is the cause of nine-tenths of all human
sickness. Some of its symptoms are sick
and bilious headache, dizziness, sour
stomach, loss of appetite, foul breath,
windy belching, heartburn, pain and
distress after eating. All these are in-
dicative of derangements of the liver,
stomach and bowels, and all are caused
by constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
Laxative is the best remedy for constipa-
tion. It is not violent in action.

Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to
Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's
1008 page COLONY SENSE MEDICAL AD-
VISER, illustrated.

The returns to the statistician of the
agricultural department for October make
the general condition of corn 90.5 per
cent against 91 for September. The re-
turns of the yield per acre of all wheat
indicate a production of 11.9 bushels,
which is six-tenths of a bushel less than
the preliminary estimate for 1895. The
indicated quality for the country at
large is 84.4 per cent against 85.2 last
year.

The preliminary estimate of the
yield of oats is 24.3 bushels per acre,
against 29.6 a year ago; the quality, 74.9.
The average yield per acre of rye is 13.3;
of barley, 25.6. The condition of buck-
wheat is 76.9 per cent; Irish potatoes, 81;
tobacco, 76.9.

Castoria is truly a marvelous thing for
children. Doctors prescribe it, medical
men and nurses use it, and more than
million mothers are using it in place of
Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, so-called
soothing syrups and other narcotic and
stupefying remedies. Castoria is the
quickest thing to regulate the stomach
and bowels and give healthy sleep the
world has ever seen. It is pleasant to
the taste and absolutely harmless. It
relieves constipation, quiets pain, cures
diarrhea and colic, allays pain, cures
diarrhea, destroys worms, and prevents con-
vulsions, soothes the child and gives it
refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria
is the children's panacea—the mother's
friend.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles
only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't
allow any one to sell you anything else
on the plea or promise that it is "just
as good," and "will answer every pur-
pose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

TELEGRAPHERS' TALES.

A Newfoundland That Kept Watch—Value
of Broiled Munkrat.

Telegraph operators have queer ex-
periences at times, especially at the
lonely railroad stations where travel is
light, hours long and the work is done
at night. An experience meeting of
sailors, so far as the yarn spinning is
concerned, is as mild compared to a
telegrapher's social session as milk is to
a tar's shore leave. Several nights the
key were sitting about a table down
town after hours recently, when the
tongues began to wag about experi-
ences. Gil Bradley started the ball.

"I was sent one night to sub on the
Texas and Pacific at a little station
called Gordon," he said. "There was
one hotel of four rooms a mile from the
telegraph station and two or three
cabins about the same distance off. The
regular operator had his rooms over the
station and freighthouse, where sup-
plies were received for the coal mines
several miles away. It was the loneliest
place I ever struck, but I had to work.
After fixing things I lay down on a
bench to wait for the next freight. I
suppose I dozed, for I jumped up with a
start at feeling a cold, wet nose shoved
into my face. There was a big New-
foundland dog wagging his tail as mer-
cifully as a buzzard cuts through soft
wood. Well, that dog ran first to the
lighted lantern on the door, then back
to me, and then pretty soon I began to
think something was wrong. Up I got,
and he led me all through the freight-
house, up to the operator's rooms and
back to the office; then calmly went to
sleep with one eye open and one ear
pricked up. I waited for the train, but
before I heard it he began to bark.

"The next night the same perfor-
mance. Well, after that I used to go
sleep, and for the week I was there that
dog kept watch. You see, the regul-
ar dog of sleep at night, so he could
play poker all day. I never told on him,
but that was a well trained dog."

"That's no experience," said Billy
Marshall. "There was only half a thrill
in that. Why, in 1888, during the bliz-
ard, I was holding down a night job
in Jersey. It was the dearest
spot that railroad official would pick
out for a station. It was so quiet in the
daytime that you could hear the sun-
light glint and at night the shadows
fall. It was snowing when I went on
at night, and all trains were blocked,
and by morning I was almost buried.
My lunch was long ago gone, and I felt
like grinding my teeth into some break-
fast. Dinner time came and went, and
supper passed, and no relief arrived.
I chewed on lead pencils and rubber
bands until I felt like a girl bookkeeper.
I pulled in my belt and nearly cut my-
self in two, but the old hunger was
there just the same. So I tried to sleep,
but there was no sleep in me with that
gnawing at my stomach."

All at once I saw three muskrats
come up through a hole in the floor.
Munkrat was better than starvation, so
I made for them with a poker, killed
one, and the others got away to freeze
to death. Skinning that fellow and
dressing him didn't take long, and with
wires I rigged a broiler. You bet your
life the smell of that cooking rat was
just great joy, and I'm no chink either.
It felt tickled me so that I fell asleep
and nearly woke up when so warm a
bed that the old hunger nearly choked me.

"The snowfall came along soon,
however, and when I got filled up again
I was sort of glad I hadn't put down
the old muskrat after all. He might not
have agreed with me."—New York Sun.

The Science of Smiles.

The gentle art of smiling is the latest
thing which science has been meddling
with, tracing back to its very beginning
and pointing out with something like a
smear how this facial expression first
came to adorn the face of primeval man.

Mr. Edward Cuyler, in a recent lec-
ture in Paris before the Societe d'Anthropologie, stated that our smiles, how-
ever winning and outwardly seeming, are
simply records of our very secret an-
guish, selfishness, greediness and pugnac-
ity.

The passion that dominated all others
in primitive man was the desire for
food. The animals of those days were
huge and fierce, and the implements of
hunting few and crude. The naked
hunter, therefore, was forced to go off-
tense with an empty stomach, and when
he made a kill he gorged himself with
meat. The anticipation of the joy of
proceeding satisfaction of his hunger
caused him to open his mouth and show
his teeth, partly through pleasure and
partly through an instinctive impulse
to get himself in readiness for the im-
mediate stowing away of his food.

With the progress of civilization,
however, this facial contortion grew to
be caused by other pleasurable things,
and then came the sound of audible
laughter.

The graceful smile of the hostess,
therefore, as she receives her guests is
merely an inherited expression of satis-
faction derived from a savage progeni-
tor who anticipated a good time when
he had people to dine—or for dinner.

Again, the open smile of more open
pleasure is simply a survival of the gar-
ling mouth with which the semianimal
prepared to tackle roast grandmother.—
New York Journal.

A Frolic.

"My misguided friend," said the fat
man with the puffs under his eyes, "I
will admit that I am a capitalist. That
part of your assertion goes unchal-
lenged. But when you say that I am
not a producer you are wrong. I have
been backing a comic opera company
for two months."—Indianapolis Journal.

In It.

Woman's Department.

LADIES' INTERNATIONAL.

Mrs. Florence Grey is an Organizer of This Association.

Mrs. Florence Grey of Paris has arrived in Chicago. Mrs. Grey comes here in the interest of the Ladies' International Association. The object of this association is to establish in every country in which a branch of it exists an academy of practical arts for women. The association is composed of many leagues, the first of which was started in Paris several years ago, with the object of establishing such an institution in France. The idea is to give all women who wish to perfect themselves in modeling, sewing, cooking or any other



practical art an opportunity to study under the best teachers. If they arrive in a strange city, one of the league will look after their general welfare, see that board is obtained at moderate prices, and that their everyday life is comfortable. Charity is a word unknown to the organization, as the object is to make students pay a reasonable price for what they are taught, making them in turn self-supporting.

The plans for the Ladies' International Association in America are arranged under the direction of Miss Elise Mercur of Pittsburgh. Mrs. Grey, however, is practically the woman who keeps the American branch alive. She is devoted to the cause, and her enthusiasm keeps the movement before the people. Mrs. Grey is not, however, very well satisfied with what she has done in New York, but she has great faith in the future of the organization, and expects to see the first number of its official organ, the Iron Ring, and it will be published quarterly. —Chicago Herald.

The Women Are Losing Ground.
The Methodist Episcopal conference at its meeting in Cleveland last May directed the subsidiary bodies to vote again on the woman question. They are to say by their votes whether they desire to have the organic law of the church so amended as to make women eligible to seats in its supreme legislative and judicatory. Ten of the annual conferences have already complied with the general conference's direction. The vote in the ten conferences as reported stands as follows: For letting the woman in, 282; for keeping them out, 283.

Last year six of the ten conferences gave 298 votes for admitting the women against 150 for excluding them. It is noted that the "yes" vote falls off in every one of these conferences. It is not a case of heavy losses here and there, but of a moderately uniform loss all along the line. As the vote starts off it does not encourage the advocates of the woman's right to sit in the general conference. —Elmira Gazette.

Women and the Bicycle.
The Whelan's Municipal League of San Francisco has declared for the woman's right to ride on the bicycle. An evening paper of that city pertinently remarks in this connection:

"The wheelmen of the city, in deciding to vote for woman suffrage, are doing good politics. There is less of sentiment in this decision than of practicality, as there always is in good politics. The wheelmen are not proceeding to discuss theories, but to meet a condition. Their position is that there are 8,000 lady cyclists in San Francisco, all of whom earnestly desire good, smooth streets. These ladies, of course, have no good politics in the campaign for better roads. Their moral influence is great, but truth compels the admission that votes are more effective than moral influence when politics is being done."

A Bed Cover.
A beautiful new bed cover of latest fashion is made from fine white organdy. In the center there is a square of the material bordered by a band of red-rose lace. Next this is a wide border of the muslin, then a narrower border of the lace. The spread is finished with a wide ruffle of the muslin. The pillow shams that go with the spread are also of muslin. The square of muslin in the center of each sham has a large ornamental letter, made from the muslin of a good quality could be used for such a cover, which is usually over mother of colored or white china silk.

Luminous Dress.
It is said that a discovery has been made of a powder with luminous properties which is applicable to fabrics of all descriptions, giving to them the brilliancy of opal or pearl by day and rendering them phosphorescent by night. Of course it remains to be seen how far the effect will add to the beauty of toilet, and the inventor is naturally sanguine, and people are already talking of the luminous chiffon, lace, and other things in such a manner that its designs stand out softly radiant against a dark background, ribbons and feathers shining as if dipped in fire, and other marvels. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Of the capabilities of the fish there is no end, and this charming relic from your grandmother's wardrobe may be worn in a dozen dainty designs and shawls with advantage to our autumnal and winter attire.

Women have gone in heavily for politics this fall, and are fast becoming power factors in the political arena. There are feminine adherents of every faction, who do all in their power to influence votes.

EMILY MORRELL WOOD, CALIFORNIA'S OLDEST WOMAN SUFFRAGIST.

Latest in House Decorations—Health and Beauty for Working Girls—Woman as a Mahout—The Theater Hat—Skirt for Evening Wear.

Mrs. Emily Morrell Wood is the oldest woman suffragist in California. She hopes to live long enough to be able to cast her first vote. Just at this time the women are concentrating their efforts on California, and it is probable that universal suffrage will win in the Golden State. Mrs. Wood is a native of New York and is upward of 86 years old. She went to California in 1850 with her husband in the bark Palmetto, of which he was part owner. The climate suited him so nicely that he decided to make California his home. Mrs. Wood has lived in San Francisco ever since. She was a schoolmate of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Her father and



EMILY MORRELL WOOD.

the father of Mrs. Stanton were judges on the same bench. Some years ago Mrs. Wood became afflicted with cataract and was totally blind for four years. A surgical operation was performed and her sight was restored completely. She is a great reader and is very fond of needlework. Her late husband was a partner of John L. Forster, the famous New York barrister. She is one of the Anneke Jans heirs. Her great-grandfather was married to Rachel, who was the granddaughter of Anneke Jans. The old lady's memory of matters long since past is perfect, and her health is remarkably sound for one of her years.

Mrs. Wood says, "I hope to live long enough to cast my first vote."

The Latest in House Decorations.

"The modish style for winter," said a professional woman house decorator yesterday, "will be the silk paneled walls, at least where elegance is desired and expense not considered. The available material is a deep cream satin brocade called chrysoprase. In one room where chrysoprase covered the walls the draperies were made of the same, lined with delicate rose pink, harmonizing with one of the tints in the striped Marie Antoinette silk used for chair and sofa covers. I have many orders for this silk hanging. It will be extremely popular."

"Burlap is to be used extravagantly for wall covering. This fabric in pale green makes a charming interior. 'So far' is a charming room, owned by a young woman artist, which has its walls in light green burlap with a fringe of pale green under a rope molding. The high, narrow mantle has a drape of greenish fish net caught from an iron ring."

"Fish net, by the way, is a pet fabric in studios. It is about 40 inches wide and worth a dollar a yard in good quality. There is also woven netting, very similar to fish net, which comes in several art shades and is particularly effective over plain cloth of a contrasting hue."

"What is new in fancy work?" I asked. "Have you seen any of the Beardsley style of fancy work? That is the latest fad," she answered. "If you have seen it, you will be struck by the use of the color. Cloth figures of white on black or black on white are edged and applied on with a dash of red. Serpentine traceries are given in heavy wrought silk or cotton. Women with plenty of leisure have taken up as a fad the embroidering of satin or silk covers for their down quilts."

"A pretty one has the center of figured satin. Around this is a wide band of plain blue of the same shade as the ground of the figure. Then comes a band of the figured and again a band of the plain, the whole finished with a four inch ruffle of the figure."

"This scheme can be varied to suit individual tastes. On the plain borders are often worked running vines. This is not as laborious as it sounds because the work is done in outline stitch, which can be done very quickly."

"I don't care for these fads, however. In following them women give such sameness to homes. Interiors are so much alike because many people prefer to take their ideas from others. Each house should be individual and express the work is done in outline stitch, which can be done very quickly."

"Special fittings, as they are called, built in bookcases and cozy corners to fit certain spaces, are always effective. They add a 'homey' look to a room and give individuality. I delight in adding such things as adjustable window seats made box fashion. These, when space must be economized, serve to hold various odds and ends. High backed settees, which can be moved about the fireplace at pleasure, are less common." —Philadelphia Times.

Woman as a Mahout.

Woman can do her best work in the world by turning her own talents to account to smooth the path of a man whom she can sway and who has all the possibilities before him. So the woman does her utmost to use her brain in his interest, to attend to all tiresome details so as to leave him as free as possible from petty cares and worries. Then the man can concentrate the whole of his energy in his work, and the woman's ambition is vicariously satisfied. She watches the friend, brother and husband and feels, with a half amused complacency, that but for her his end would never have been attained. And this eternal watching and criticism develop in woman a great power of knowing what men will do in particular circumstances. She has seen so often before that particular circumstances have particular effects in determining the actions of the workers.

In the stress and hurry of the fight the man is not conscious which way the action is tending. He is absorbed in doing the duty immediately before him. The woman looking on coolly can say to him: "See, this line of conduct must lead to this and this consequence. You have only to take advantage of it and your success will be assured." It is therefore because woman is essentially a looker on that she is so invaluable as an adviser to man. To many a great man the advice of an Egeria, even an Egeria of an obviously inferior intellectual caliber to himself, is almost essential.

She can watch and weigh the motives of his adventures, she can calculate the probable effect of his own actions and still more of his words, she can criticize his past decisions and indicate the best chance of success in the future. In fact, to be a woman is to be a mahout—a driver of elephants. The good with which she steers the animal is in her hand, but yet she knows, as according to Mr. Rudyard Kipling every mahout knows, that some day, sooner or later, the great beast will get beyond her control and may turn on her with a terrible punishment for the insult of having kept him in subjection, for the ultimate force in life, physical strength, is against the woman as it is against the mahout. —London Spectator.

The popular finish given to mutton leg and other sleeves close to the arm from the elbow down is very pretty, says a fashion authority, and has the advantage also of making the hand look smaller. The sleeve is so cut that at the edge of the wrist it expands like the petals of a flower. This expanded part is finished in many ways. It is usually of velvet and is lined with a pretty contrasting color in silk filled with wool, cut in tabs or points, braided or piped with silk or satin.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ONIONS. A very delicate and appetizing dish of onions is to be had by first boiling them, and changing the water several times, covering them with boiling water each time. When tender, drain them, turn into a baking dish, and just cover with white sauce. Sprinkle stale fine bread or cracker crumbs over the top and brown in the oven.

CHILI SAUCE. One dozen ripe tomatoes, peeled; four onions, chopped fine; six tablespoonsful of brown sugar, two tablespoonsful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of good vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, two teaspoonfuls of ground cloves, one red pepper, chopped fine. Boil two hours and seal up in bottles.

CORN CAKES. Spread meal in a baking pan and dry thoroughly in the oven the day before; seal one pint of meal with just enough boiling water to moisten. Do not make it soft. When cool add one cup of meal and flour, one pint of milk, heat and stir in three well beaten eggs; add one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake on hot griddle, butter well and enjoy.

DEVILED HAM ROLLS. Make light, rather rich pastry, roll thin and cut in squares of about four inches. Spread upon each square a small quantity of deviled ham, leaving about one-half an inch around the edge uncovered. Moisten the edges with cold water, and roll each sheet of ham and pastry compactly, pressing the ends together. Brush over with white egg and bake.

DELICIOUS ORANGE DESSERT. Shred half a dozen juicy oranges, leaving all the pulp. Pile these small pieces up in a china bowl. Make a rich syrup by boiling a pound of cut sugar in water and a little lemon juice. Pour this syrup over the oranges and set away in a cool place. Before serving spread over the top a small quantity of whipped cream. This makes a delicious dessert for either luncheon or dinner.

COLD CHOCOLATE PUDDING. Put two ounces of chocolate into a saucepan and melt it, stirring until smooth. Boil a quart of milk, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and add them, with half a cup of sugar, to the milk. Take from the fire, flavor, and add one-half the mixture, with the chocolate. Cool a pudding mold, put in the bottom half the white mixture, then the dark, then the remainder of the white. Serve cold with cream sauce, flavored with vanilla.

Real Economy.
Don't you hate to economize? I would really rather do without a luxury than have to pinch and starve and think, before getting it. Small indulgences may be counted among the minor happinesses of a woman's life. Be not shocked, dear reader, at my words. I do not mean indulgences in selfish pleasure; but, rather, minor liberties which, while not wasting unduly the contents of the household purse, add much brightness and happiness to the family life. Hearts have been broken and lives spoiled by the pinching and screwing of well-meaning but misguided housekeepers.

Give your boys their simple pleasures at home, and they will not seek in the world the distraction that all youth needs as an essential to healthy life. Give your girls their pretty silks and ribbons in moderation; they will be all the more likely to love home, and learn in the domestic virtues and simple, homely good, which in time will do much towards sweetening their own home lives in years to come, when they have households of their own.

Pinching and screwing is not economy; it is a vice of the most malignant kind, as deadly as extravagance and waste, and a great deal more unpleasant for the people who suffer by coming in contact with an over-zealous housekeeper. True economy admits now and then of an occasion when a small liberality will lead to the happiness of the home. The wheels of the establishment must not creak as they go along because the housekeeper begrudges a drop of oil to silence the jarring sound.

Removing Stains.
Grease marks on cloth may nearly always be removed by the application of a hot iron over blotting paper, but in the case of oil, a paste should be made of fuller's earth and cold water, and laid on the stains. When dry brush it off. If the stains are of old standing, or very bad, it is often necessary to repeat the process two or three times. Tea

and coffee stains are always difficult, and sometimes impossible to remove. For the latter, on cotton fabrics, the yolk of an egg mixed with glycerine should be tried; wash this off with warm water, and iron the material on the wrong side. For wine and tea stains the simplest and safest method is to immediately sponge them with cold water.

Woman in Germany.

The adoption in Germany of a general and common code of laws applicable to all parts of the empire has aroused the intense opposition of the women of that country to the new code because of its discriminating and oppressive features toward them. Up to this time each subdivision of the empire has had its own laws. Under the provisions of the new law an unmarried woman is regarded as almost equal to men concerning their earnings and their incomes. As soon as a German becomes a wife and mother she is looked as a minor. She has no right over her fortune. She cannot transact any business without the signature of her husband.

Then the new law defines the power of parents concerning the education of their children, placing it all in the father. It denies divorce on account of ill treatment, drunkenness and other offenses. The bill, which has passed the reichstag, does not become a law until 1900, and many women are agitating the question of its reconsideration and repeal before that time.

The New Embroidery.

It cannot be claimed that the poster or Broadway style of embroidery is beautiful, but it is bright, showy and as yet a novelty confined to pillow or perhaps a hanging for a gay smoking room. Most any poster that you particularly admire will give you the colors and the forms to use. Cloth figures of broadcloth, billiard cloth or ladies' cloth are cut from white, black, blue or red and applied to a background that will make a striking contrast. The figures are applied sometimes with a dash of red or of gold and traced artistically and in sweeping lines with rope silk or colored cottons. A magazine cover of deep yellow linen has a Mephistopheles figure of black velvet applied to it. A pillow with a sky blue background that covers the upper half has on the lower half the figure of a girl dressed in deep yellow. Above her bits of green cloth applied give a background of leaves. A pillow of bright yellow broadcloth in the same style has the figure of an old man cut from black cloth and white applied to it. —New York Post.

Women Horticulturists.

The first horticultural school for women in Germany was opened at Friedland, near Berlin, in the autumn of 1894, and it will graduate its first class of seven members this fall. One of the graduates will then assume the position of teacher in a similar school recently established in Riga, in Livonia. On the 1st of October another institution of the kind was opened on the estate of Baroness Barth-Harmating, near Planen, in Saxony. The courses of study extend over two or three years and include not only the various branches of horticulture, but also fundamental scientific instruction and such knowledge of business methods as is needed for the successful prosecution of commercial gardening. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that the new work thus made possible for women is suitable for those of the cultivated classes, and not for uneducated or semi-educated rustic.

Winter Mantles.

The winter mantles for elderly women are remarkably becoming, especially those made in the heavy matelasse cloth. There is one model which has a yoke of velvet edged with black thibet and surrounded by a cosy collar outlined with fur, which can be worn up or down at pleasure. The fullness of the material at the lower edge of the yoke and at the waist is gathered, thus making it fit to the waist, while the sleeves are cut in the new bell shape, which characterizes all Dame Fashion's approved caresses and visits for the younger community, whether the material be plush or peau de soie.

Of this material is a very attractive cape for matrons' wear trimmed round the skirt and down the front with a band of ostrich feather tips and coque mixed, and in addition, four-inch wide bands of velvet, which go over the shoulders, back and front, and terminate with an ostrich feather tail, hanging from a jet string. A high collar of satin, in the decoration of which are tips and jet, the latter garnishing also the center of the back, were important factors, does its duty effectively in giving a finish to this smart covering.

Autumn Millinery.

Chenille is quite a feature in autumn millinery, and is prominent in the creation of hat and bonnet crowns, trimmings and brims. I noticed a very handsome model hat, the brim of which was of black satin and openwork chenille, and the crown a full one of the beefsteak family, of pistache green velvet. Across the back was a spread impergan, the head and wings tinted a golden bronze, softened on either side by two black ostrich tips. Turning up the back, was a negligé puff of green velvet, caught into shape by a large "pheasant's-eye" button, two more, three of a flower, fastening down the front of the velvet crown, as well as giving an effective finish.

Saving the Teeth.

To prevent teeth decaying, brush well every morning, using a good tooth powder, and having a little carbonate of soda in the water. After each meal, rinse the mouth with tepid water in which a little carbonate of soda is dissolved, and before retiring at night brush the teeth again. If strong medicines have to be taken, have them made up in the form of pills, if possible, as tinctures of iron, acids, and so on, have a bad effect on the enamel of the teeth.

Tea Drinking.

Australians are the greatest tea drinkers, and annually consume 7.66 pounds per head. The people of Great Britain consume only 4.90 pounds each. Americans drink 4.40 pounds.

Catarh is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood.

In 1274 a well written Bible was sold for fifty marks, about \$170.

Young Folks' Column.

THE WEIGHING MACHINES SOLILOQUY.

I stand in a street-car station, near the corner at which the people who come in to wait for a car buy, as people will when they are waiting, a bag of candy, or a pickled lime, or a pint of peanuts, with which to while away the time until they hear the welcome buzz of the coming car.

My own patronage is due to the same general desire to have something to do while waiting. It leads restless people, who weighed themselves three days ago, and who will have forgotten their weight five minutes after they have stepped from my platform, to put their penny into my slot rather than into the charity box, where it would do some good. It leads boys, who do not care to know how much they weigh, "just for fun" to jostle on to my platform and waste pennies that I am sure they ought to save for new shoes, for I can see their toes sticking out of the old ones. I do not like to weigh in such cases, for I know the value of money, and many who come to me to get weighed need the cent more than the company which owns me, and which sends the man around, every little while, to collect my earnings. But I have to place my index finger on the right figure when a penny falls into the slot, for if I did not I should be put off for repairs in some dark corner, with my face turned to the wall, where I could not see what is going on.

I have a fine chance to study humanity in this street-car station, and I improve it. You can tell a great deal about people by their weight. I can read the secrets of many foolish persons who think that I am only a senseless iron machine.

For instance, here comes a puffing, red-faced man, with heavy tread, and steps, at the cost of great effort, upon my platform, swinging my index-finger away beyond two hundred. I understand why he looks so cross when he sees where I point. He drinks too much beer; and he knows it. Get down, my bloated friend, for here comes a little girl, with her hand in her papa's, as pretty as a fairy, although she has a pout on her lips. She is too light, too light, and hardly stirs my index-finger when she skips upon the platform. "Take my candy box, papa," she says, and then I know why she is so light and so white. Good sweet milk and wholesome bread and butter are what she needs, instead of candy. It would do her disposition good, too, for I hear her fretting and scolding, as she starts for the car, in the way that candy-bred children always do.

Ah! here is the kind of person I like to weigh—a young man brown as a berry and sound as a nut. When my finger, after vibrating an instant, comes to a point at just one hundred and fifty, it means that every pound of flesh in his body is firm, and every muscle strong, and every organ healthy. Good hours, good habits, good temper, good exercise, all are registered in his weight. No much like him is that other young fellow over there with the rings and the cane. His narrow chest and white skin show that there is too much of the owl, though not much of the owl's wisdom, about him. When he comes to be weighed I cannot show him any record of gain.

But what is that bustle and confusion at the door? I see. They are bringing one of my babies from across the street. Sure enough, this is his birthday. I had forgotten. He weighed just seven pounds the day he was born, and now—let us see. Stand back, my friends, do not crowd too closely! This is a delicate matter, weighing babies. Let his mother put him down, in a mother's gentle way, or he will lose some air from his lungs, and everything counts when you are weighing a baby. Twenty-one pounds. Very good, little man! If you go on at that rate, by the time you are fifty you will weigh seven hundred and seven pounds. Rather too much, isn't it? I hope you will stop growing before you reach that figure. Good-bye. I will be ready on your next birthday.

Hallo! What is that laughing, struggling crowd of boys bringing this way? A dog! Poor fellow, he is frightened and holds back, making little whines of protest, his resisting toes scratching the floor as they drag him along. Never fear, Rover, they mean you no harm. Wait! do not jump so soon! you will disturb my delicate mechanism. Take him by the collar—gentle! He does not know what it is all about. Now quick! put the penny in the slot. Thirty pounds. You would weigh more, Rover, if you did not run so hard playing with these boys. Never mind, it is better than to lie by the fire and grow fat and lazy.

Hark! the six o'clock car. The crowded station empties fast and I am left in quiet until the evening traffic begins. To-morrow is Sunday. Do I have to work? O, yes. There are no Sundays for us street-car employees. Would I join a strike? O, no. I am too fond of my opportunities of observing human nature.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud. Tom went to college, and every afternoon they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust?" "Where did Tom get gold-dust?" He was a poor boy. He had not been to college. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he had seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—seconds and particles of time which boys and girls and grown up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold-dust.

My young friends, to you time is of immeasurable importance and incomparable value. All material things have a relative value to time. When anti-

Beautiful Dolls FREE.



Five beautiful dolls, lithographed on cardboard, eight inches high. Can be cut out and put together by the children—no pasting. Each doll has two complete suits. American, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, German, Swiss, Turkish and Indian costumes. All parts being interchangeable, many combinations can be made, affording endless amusement and instruction. A high-class series of dolls, patented and manufactured for us exclusively and not to be compared with the numerous cheap paper dolls on the market.

How To Get Them.

Send from five outside wrappers of Nona Such Since Meet the head of the girl holding pie. Send these with ten cents in silver—wrapped in paper—and your full name and address, and we will send the dolls postpaid. Or we will send them free for twenty heads of the girl. Send only the heads to avoid extra postage.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The French Doll.

patting an extended period of time material possessions may be prized, and earthly fame and glory desired; but when the limit of time is reached all these things are lighter than the feather's weight. Indeed, what would the whole world be worth to you when leaving the borders of time? When eternity is before you, and time almost gone—then if you have not improved the time God has given, you will cry out with the dying queen, "A million of gold for an inch of time."

While time lasts there is given you an opportunity of building upon a sure foundation, of rearing a superstructure that shall endure forever. Every day you are either building up or tearing down the structure. When you follow the pure and noble impulses implanted within you, when your lives exhibit only those traits that are lovely, true and noble, your edifice is increasing in magnitude and grandeur.

How many are letting the precious moments and hours and years pass in idleness and folly, when they might be building a glorious temple. Ah how many wrecks will be seen floating along the shores of eternity, how many souls crying for an opportunity to build again the house that has been swept away!

As in the days of Seneca, so now: "Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose. We are always complaining our days were few, and acting as though there were no end to them."

Little do we realize the importance of time, and I fancy we will never fully comprehend its value until it has rushed into the eternity of the past, and we view it from the battlements of the future; then we will see its squandered hours, its idle moments, its neglected privileges, and unimproved opportunities, forever past, nevermore to return to us.

Time is given you, "a little slice out of eternity, to work in," and if you ever succeed in any undertaking, if you would ever be of any use in the world, you must work. Nothing worth possessing comes without labor; and salutary efforts never succeed, but only those lives of continual effort, of constant application.

The large results of the wise improvement of the fragments of time gathered up in a lifetime would be a surprise to you. By devoting to some noble object all the unemployed moments, the idle moments, the moments of waiting, the moments of listlessness in the three score years and ten allotted to man, what glorious results might be gained! If the moments that are wasted in most lives were devoted to some science, or art, or language, they would be surprised.

If so much, then, can be accomplished by improving these little detached portions of time, what is it not possible for you to achieve by using wisely all the time that is bequeathed to you? Your happiness, your usefulness depend upon your wise improvement of time. Without a wise use of time you cannot hope to rise to eminence. Some characters tower above surrounding humanity, and seem to belong to a higher order of beings than common mortals, but it is not because of superior talents or profounder minds, but through the improvement of time by intense thought and application, that they have risen to greatness.

My dear young friend, could this thought be burned into the very fibre of your being, that your time is worth more to you than anything else! Not merely the lapse of years and months and weeks and days, but what you put into life and what you get out of life.

"The Present, the Present is all thou hast For thy sure possessing: Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast Till it give its blessing."

NATURE STORY.

I had been sitting here for some time trying to make up my mind which one of the many things that are in this cabinet I would write about first, when Mrs. Crab poked her eyes out of the top of a small glass jar and gave me such a look that I understood that she wished me to write about her family first.

Old Mr. Crab lifted up his big hand that he fights with in such a threatening way that Mrs. Crab drew down her eyes and tucked in her feet as much as to say: "Excuse me, Mr. Crab, but I was afraid you would speak."

Mr. Crab waved his big hand that he fights with, three times, then he said: "Now, my little man, I am going to tell you something about my family. Most all the little children can tell something about us."

"I will describe our dress, home and habits. As to the dress, I'll describe my own, for all brave crabs dress very much the same. I wear a nature-made coat of light sand-colored gray, with small brown dots. My trousers are a bright red-brown, with gloves to match. My eyes are very prominent, and I will say right here, that we do not have to carry 'opera glasses' when we go out on the beach.

"While we are very war-like, we are

also very musical, for it was by my sweet music that I won Mrs. Crab.

"My wife will do as a model for all Mrs. Crabs. Just take a look at that beautiful dress, what could be more lovely than the blue, yellow or red, with the bands of green? What lovely boots of seal-brown and gloves of tan!

"If you have the description of our dress in your mind, you have a very good idea of how all Mr. and Mrs. Crabs look. We are never a bright red (as I heard a little boy tell his sister that he had seen a 'red crab') unless some cruel pure puts us in boiling water.

"Our homes are in the sand by the seaside. No doubt you have seen those round holes when you were digging in the sand with your little spade. They are our doors, we always have a hall, bedroom and pantry.

"We build the house because we are strong—but Mrs. Crabs are noted for their good housekeeping, so we leave them to get the food and put it in the pantry. I will say nothing soothing me so much (after I have been in a fight) as a tempting dinner from the pantry of my dear Mrs. Crab.

"We eat ants, flies, gnats, lady-birds, other insects and sea weeds. We are like you—we have bones, but we can live in or out of water. Mrs. Crab is like a hen, for she lays eggs. We have the advantage of you children, for if we lose a leg or hand in a fight, it will grow out in six months. Our eyes will grow out in one year. As we do not like to stay in-doors that long, we are careful of our eyes.

"I could tell you many queer things about our family, but will stop for this time with a farewell piece on my 'fiddle' that Mrs. Crab likes to hear so well."

CHINESE BOYS AT PLAY.

They Have Some Sports, but Are Not So Free as American Boys.

Although the boys who live straight under us on the other side of the world are very prim and proper when among older folk, they are just like other boys when they get out in the back yard by themselves. In fact, they are all the more playful for being under restraint part of the time.

A Chinese boy is surrounded by endless rules. He must never walk in front, or at the side of his father, or his uncle, or his older brother. He must follow them in order to show his respect. He is not allowed to contradict his parents, nor find fault when whipped, even if the whipping is unjust. And everywhere he must be silent and respectful, not speaking unless spoken to, nor sitting down in the house unless asked to do so.

But in spite of all these things the Chinese boy has a good deal of fun. Every one in China except the women and girls plays with kites, and the Chinese boy is no exception. Like our boys, if he can fly a paper dragon that is handsomer than the paper dragon of the boy in the next block he is extremely happy. Fighting with kites is also great sport among Chinese boys. A kite is



PLAYING SHUTTLECOCK.

sent to a great height, and the strings are allowed to saw across one another until one is cut in two and the kite held by it flies away. And the boy whose kite is the best fighter is envied all over the neighborhood.

But the Chinese boy knows nothing of marbles, baseball, tennis, shinney, stunts, skating or sliding. He does, however, have a few games of his own, so simple that American boys would hardly find amusement in them. He likes to toss pennies, and he has a modified form of the game of battledore and shuttlecock, only for the battledore he uses his heels, and you may imagine how he is compelled to dance around to keep the shuttlecock in air. Chinese boys are great runners and jumpers, and they also like to put on big scarves and frighten the little girls, the enjoyment of which some of our boys may appreciate. Another sport is tip cat, and there is also a game of ball. The ball is made by winding string around a bunch of snakeskin, and the boys contest to see which can make it bound the greatest number of times.

FREE
T THE
LE
SIGNATURE
OF
Hutchinson
N THE
PPER
EVERY
FILE OF
A

on a one-side bottle only. It
Does not allow anyone to sell
the plea or promise that it
"will answer every par-
you get O-A-S-E-O-B-E-A.</

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1896.

TERMS.
L50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
J. M. C. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon the subscribers in Androscoggin and
Oxford counties.
Mr. J. W. KILLOUGH, our Agent, is now
calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot
county.Over fifty carcasses of deer arrived in
Bangor one day last week.The squeal of the porker is heard in the
land. But the farmers squeal at the
prices they are obliged to sell for.Dr. G. M. Twitwell has returned from a
two weeks' lecture trip through the
Provinces.One Maine lumberman ventures the
prediction that in five years there will
not be a drive of any consequence on any
Maine river, for the logs will all be hauled
to the mills by rail.The tramps say if they can't find a
home in the jail by getting drunk, they
will steal something. For it's going to
be a hard winter, and they are dead-
ly opposed to work.One day last week five men at work in
the orchards of W. P. Atherton, at Gran-
ite Hill Farm, Hallowell, gathered 120
barrels of apples. Two men alone
gathered 32 barrels each. This shows
quick work even in this year of plenty.Prof. W. T. Sedgwick, an authority on
the subject, said in a lecture in Boston,
the other evening, that all milk should
be heated before being used. But how
many families will put into execution
his suggestion?Hon. W. W. Stetson, State Superin-
tendent of Schools, will hold Teachers'
Institutes in Presque Isle and Fort Kent
during this month. He will probably
make addresses before the Granges in
Port Fairfield and that town.At the Massachusetts General Hospital
in Boston, Friday, there was a celebra-
tion of the semi-centennial of the discov-
ery of ether anaesthesia. The leading
lights in the medical profession were
present.We are glad that our brief article on
the transportation of Armenians to this
country meets with the endorsement of
many thinking people in this State.
With dull times and a cold winter before
us, we have quite enough to do to care
for the helpless and suffering at our own
doors.Westford, Mass., farmers have been
shipping large quantities of apples to
England. Reports of these shipments
are not as encouraging as was expected.
One farmer, who sent 600 barrels, after
all commissions were taken received one
cent a barrel for his fruit, packing and
carting. Another farmer had to pay out
a few cents per barrel for the privilege of
shipping.The Savannah News reports that the
severe storms have nearly destroyed the
rice crop in Georgia. "The planters," it
says, "are having a pretty hard time of
it. The Louisiana crop, which was a
short one last year, is this year 50 to 60
per cent. short of what it was then. Be-
sides that the crop was widely damaged
by a long and severe drought, and for
these reasons the planters around Savan-
nah were looking for a good thing of it.
After all the bills are paid, however, it
is doubtful if there will be much of any-
thing left."A Portland physician, in referring to
the death recently of a well known
young man from typhoid fever, the ori-
gin of which was uncertain, stated that
it was finally attributed to his drinking
from some road side well while out on a
bicycle tour. This physician adds that
there have been a number of cases there
of typhoid fever contracted by cyclists
in this way. They become heated and
resort to the nearest pump without
thought as to whether its situation is
sanitary or correct or the contrary. The
situation of many wells is still bad, and
the cyclist and everybody else should
carefully note the surroundings before
slacking his thirst.Sensational news comes from Washing-
ton. A few days ago it was announced
that the practice ship Bancroft had been
sent to the Mediterranean to force a pas-
sage through the Dardanelles. This
turned out to be an exaggeration, though
there seems to be no doubt that the Ban-
croft will soon pass through the straits
unless opposed by actual force, and this
is not expected. It is now announced
with much circumstantiality of detail
that unless Spain subdues the Cuban re-
bellion within three months the Presi-
dent will recognize the independence of
the island. Like the Bancroft story this
one will turn out no doubt to be an ex-
aggeration.It sounds like a large statement to say
that there are about 4000 cows kept
within the limits of the city of New York,
but it is about that number which the
health department expects to find when
it has concluded its investigations. It
has 3800 on the list now. The investi-
gations include only the annexed dis-
trict, not the Greater New York. This
district takes in a great deal of open
country. On the island there are only
333 cows, and only 40 below One Hun-
dred and Twenty-fifth street. It is not
such a difficult matter to have a cow and
get one's own fresh milk in the city. If
the conditions are satisfactory the health
department will grant a permit. In a great
many lively stables in Brooklyn the
city cows are quite satisfactory as to qual-
ity, but under general conditions it is an
expensive luxury.

THE FAIR AT TOPSHAM.

Our friends, the managers of the Saga-
dahoc Agricultural Society, had a hard
stroke of luck, this year, sure, sharing
with the other county societies in
bad weather. The Fair was adver-
tised to be held on the Society's
grounds at Topsham, Oct. 13th,
14th, and 15th. But it rained on each of
these days, rendering a postponement
necessary. It was decided, however, to
call Thursday the first day, and the
Fair was held on that day and Friday
and Saturday. The total receipts will
reach some \$3000, there being some
5000 people present on Saturday, which
was a glorious day. Notwithstanding
the postponements the Society has taken
enough to pay the bills.

The Society this year is officered as
follows:

President—John P. Baker, Bowdoin.
(P. O. Bowdoinham).
Vice Presidents—W. B. Kendall, Bow-
doinham; C. E. Townsend, Brunswick;
F. B. Elliot, Bowdoin.
Executive Committee—A. W. Hunt, Brun-
swick; Walter Totman, Harpswell;
H. B. Fisher, Topsham; S. B. Hathorn,
Richmond; M. H. White, Bowdoinham.
Secretary—W. S. Rogers, Topsham.
Assistants—N. S. Parinon, Bowdoin;
W. P. W. Purinton, Topsham; Mrs. O.
E. Rogers, North Bath.
Treasurer—L. E. Smith, Brunswick.

Each year as the doors are thrown
open at the annual exhibition, the Soci-
ety has always something worth going
miles to see. It is an agricultural fair,
and occurs at a season of the year when
this is possible. The products of the
farm are at their best, there being
nothing immature present; and the
farmers, having had time to complete
their harvest, are just in the right mood
to go up and enjoy the annual feast.
The other fairs are over, and here is the
grand culmination of them all.

We found the loud-mouthed fakir on
the "Midway," but not so numerous as
in other years. Many of them were
drowned out or discouraged by the co-
pious rain-fall. But still there was a
strong woman, the vendor of "solid gold
chains" for a quarter, "State of Maine
lager," peanuts, whistles, cigars, etc.
The man with the shooting gallery, the
proprietor of the "merry-go-round," he
of the rings and canes, and the proprie-
tor of "Hickory Bill," the invaluable
darker target for ruined eggs and base
balls, were all centres of interest once
more.

The show of stock exceeded all former
exhibitions. Three hundred and sixty-
five head were entered, overflowing the
stalls provided for them.

The judge on cattle, Mr. Abel F.
Stevens of Wellesey, Mass., found some
choice stock on which to hang the rib-
bons. In the Jersey cow class there
were 16 cows of the Maine register led
into the ring. Mr. Stevens pronounced
them the best ring of cows he had seen
for the season, and he had been judging
them every week since the middle of
August, and all the way from Richmond
to Canada. Twelve of the number, he
stated, were good enough to honor a
blue ribbon.

J. F. Baker of Bowdoin has 36 head,
Grade Guernseys and Jerseys, a Jersey
bull, Harry B., 3 years old, and a 5-year-
old, A. J. C. C.
F. S. Adams, Bowdoin, shows 20 head.
Eleven of them Jerseys, the others
Guernseys.

S. B. Hathorn of Richmond, 10 Grade
Ayrshires, and two pairs Grade Hereford
oxen, and a remarkably fine full blood
Hereford bull, Lord Grover.

J. C. and Leander Blair of Richmond,
matched steers, and a fine herd.
Chas. H. Allen of West Bowdoin,
trained steers and draft oxen.

C. M. Marshall of Bowdoin, has a fine
herd of blood Jerseys, headed by a nice
bull.

J. B. Read of Bowdoin, Jersey bull and
nine cows of the same breed.

Scott Small of Bowdoinham, Jerseys.
F. J. Libby of Richmond, displays 42
head of noble looking Holsteins, making
him the largest exhibitor. A pen of
cunning calves attracts great attention.

Seigars Bros. of Richmond have a herd
of dairy stock, headed by 4-year-old Jer-
sey bull, Harry S., with 13 head full
blood and grade Jerseys. B. M. Patten
of Topsham, who still believes in the
famous Shorthorns, thinking we have
already enough Jerseys, has 11 head,
headed by a full blood Shorthorn bull,
Grade Jersey, a fine looking animal, Grade
Ayrshire and Grade Shorthorn. The
head of this herd took 2d premium at
State and Eastern State Fair, and 3d pre-
mium at the New England Fair. There
is a fine Shorthorn yearling heifer, a pair
of yearling draft oxen, 5 ft., 5 in., and a
pair of 3-year-olds, 6 ft., 6 in. Mr. Pat-
ten makes an attractive display of the
premium ribbons he has won.

L. T. Williams of Bowdoin, four yokes
of pulling cattle.

J. O. Meserve of Topsham, Ayrshire
stock.

C. F. Dunning of Harpswell, 7 head,
Guernsey thoroughbred, 3 cows, 1 two-
year-old, and 1 yearling, all registered
stock.

M. A. Brown of Richmond, 31 head,
Jerseys and Herefords, full blood Jersey
bull and full blood Hereford.

Geo. A. Woodside of Brunswick has
some nice draft oxen.

John Crowley, the veteran, has a dis-
play of draft oxen, which, according to
John's idea, are "the best in the world."

Of the sheep and swine, ducks and
hens and fruit (apples, apples every-
where, until the eyes tire of resting upon
them) we will let the premium list tell
the story.

Now let us take a glance inside the
hall, and the first interesting thing that
greeted us on the lower floor is the ex-
hibit by boys, the Society holding out en-
couragement to the young agriculturists.
Clem Skifford of Brunswick has 14
varieties of farm products; Harry Edge-
comb of Topsham, 14 varieties; John
Graves of Topsham, 45 varieties; and
Will Graves of the same place, a large
number of varieties. These boys fur-
nished a complete agricultural show,
sufficient for all practical purposes if all
others had been omitted. The boys did
all the work, the only labor rendered by
their fathers being in holding the plow.
It was an exhibition of which the
younger students should be proud, and they
were, as they explained the points to

admiring spectators. The boys' premium
was for the best display of farm and
garden products raised on not more
than one-half acre. Harry Edgecomb,
Topsham, received the 1st; Will Graves,
Topsham, 2d; John Graves, Topsham,
3d; Clem Skifford, Brunswick, 4th.

Garden vegetables were shown by
Lincoln Williams of West Bath.

B. M. Patten & Son of Topsham have
14 varieties potatoes, 8 of apples, 10 of
squash, 1 dozen varieties of peas and
beans, 4 of carrots, 5 of turnips.
He has a squash 5 feet, 2 inches
in circumference. It was planted in
rich soil, with fertilizer hood in around
the vines. A curiosity is shown in the
vine, a Spanish Kohl Rabi, a cross
between the turnip and cabbage, with an
iron clad skin, to protect it from the
ravages of the cabbage worm.

The first represented the Court of Po-
mona and was drawn by four grey horses.
Orange and white bunting was festooned
from five pillars of evergreen arranged
in a quincunx. In the float was dis-
played apples and other products of the
soil.

The float exemplified the four degrees
of the Grange. In the center sat Mrs. T.
F. Perkins in red and gold costume rep-
resenting Queen Pomona. On her right
as Flora, stood Mrs. Fred Larrabee
dressed in blue, representing the earth,
and on an equally large show of
monstrous cabbages.

Charles Weymouth of Topsham, large
cattle bests.

E. E. Patten, Topsham, peas.
A. S. Weymouth, Topsham, pumpkins, etc.
Augustus Morrison of Harpswell, fine
collection of vegetables.

J. E. Whittemore of Bowdoin, large
collection of vegetables.

Wm. E. Parsons of Brunswick, an
extra large squash of every kind,
and an equally large show of
monstrous cabbages.

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substantially a part of flowers. This car-
pet was decorated with evergreen
and autumn leaves and the fair occu-
pants were wreathes and other floral decora-
tions.

West Bath's display consisted of a Mar-
shal with four mounted and uniformed
aids, a carriage containing David R.
Wylie and young Master Joel Larrabee,
and flying a banner bearing an inscription
like this:

First Present (1875)
Future Master (1910)

This display was concluded with the
two finest floats exhibited in the
parade.

The first represented the Court of Po-
mona and was drawn by four grey horses.
Orange and white bunting was festooned
from five pillars of evergreen arranged
in a quincunx. In the float was dis-
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Hoodans—Chicks, S B Hathorn, Richmond.
Black Javes—Chicks, Mrs. Fred Patten, 1st;
Black Javes—Chicks, F. F. Miller, 1st;
chicks, F. F. Miller, 1st;
White Leghorns—Hens, com. fowl, Harry
Givens, Topsham, 1st; L. A. Thompson, Bath,
2d; chicks, C. V. Wilson, Topsham, 1st and 2d;
Silver Wyandottes—Hens, com. fowl, 1st;
chicks, C. V. Wilson, Topsham, 1st and 2d;
Barred Plymouth Rocks—Fowl, Daniel
Stewart, 1st and 2d; chicks, 1st;
Black Spanish—Fowl, L. A. Thompson, 1st;
Golden Wyandottes—Fowl, Seigars Bros., 1st;
Breeding Pen, Seigars Bros., 1st;
Silver Wyandottes—Fowl, L. D. Rogers,
Bath, 1st; Seigars Bros., 2d; chicks, L. D.
Rogers, Bath, 1st; Llewellyn Cobb, Topsham,
2d; Breeding Pen, Seigars Bros., 1st; Llew-
ellyn Cobb, Topsham, 2d.

But Wyandottes—Fowl, J. C. Parinon, 1st;
White Wyandottes—Chicks, L. A. Thompson,
1st;
Pekin Ducks—J. C. Mitchell, 1st; L. A.
Thompson, 2d; chicks, L. A. Thompson, 1st;
Foulness Geese—Fowl, Seigars Bros., 1st.

WATSIDE NOTES—WISDOM AND OTHER-
WISE.

—Who shall decide? "You do wrong
to urge pork raising in these times, because
there is no money in it," said a repre-
sentative farmer a few days ago.
"There's no safer or surer way to realize a
fair sum and get rid of waste farm
products than in feeding to the right
kind of pigs, marketing early," said
another farmer the same day. Which
was right? This story of loss and gain
is repeated over and over in the experi-
ence of him who touches men in differ-
ent localities. It strikes us that both
were correct, and the solution must be
sought in the application of the great
principle of adaptation, application and
appreciation. Possessing these three
attributes, and the man succeeds in any
chosen line. Failing in either, he fails
in all, or makes simply an apology for
success.

—The infinitesimal per cent. of acci-
dents and mistakes made by people in
traveling, taken in connection with the
utter want of self reliance shown by so
many, is strong evidence in support of
the watchfulness and thoroughness of
train officials. Listen to the senseless
questions repeated about any ticket
seller's window or on almost any plat-
form, and it would seem as though the
majority should be in leading strings.

—The best literature of the day is
available to the humblest citizen, and the
longest evenings invite. No one need be
left outside this winter, of the great
storehouse of knowledge.

—If there is not a Grange in your
vicinity, organize one. If there is not
sufficient material for a Grange, then
organize a Farmers' Club, and if mem-
bers are still lacking, invite two or three
families for social and mental improve-
ment during the next six months. It
will repay for time and energy.

—Prof. Van Slyke of the New York
Experiment Station, says: "In the
present state of our knowledge, or rather
lack of knowledge, most statements
must be made as opinions rather than
established facts." Never before have
agriculture, stock breeding and feeding
made such progress, but the farmers
who do not read get little benefit of it
until we have passed on to other im-
provements. There are thousands of
farmers still breeding scrub stock and
feeding the old way, who complain at
the prices, the times and the govern-
ment, while their neighbors who read,
adopt the improved breeds of stock, and
get double the price in the same market.
Still the non-reading farmer will not fol-
low these experiment stations and fine
stock cranks, for he "knows it all."

—Something seems to be wrong when
the bright, intelligent boy or girl, pro-
ficient in every department but one, is
held back by hard, mechanical rules,
and kept in lower grades. Standards
are necessary, but they should be so
flexible as to let merit, because one
fails to appreciate the exacting demands
of single department. Good gram-
marians are not apt to be equally good
mathematicians, and to hold back and
punish, for failure in one or the other,
makes our system arbitrary and exacting.
They prevent rather than serve the
original purposes of education.

—Natures publishes an article that
proves the virtue of cleanliness to be
more than aesthetic. The sweat glands
perform the important function of throw-
ing off the moisture produced during the
combustion of waste tissue by the oxygen
of the blood, and secrete twenty-three
ounces perspiration in twenty-four hours.
The conversion of perspiration into vapor
renders latent a great amount of heat and
keeps the body cool. Water at 120 de-
grees is almost unbearable; but heat in
an oven to the extent of 325 degrees may
be borne for a time. In the twenty-three
ounces of perspiration secreted daily,
there is about one ounce of animal matter.
This is left behind on evaporation. Su-
persaturated glands also secrete oily and
resinous substances. This, mixing with
solid matter and dirt, forms a compound
which tends to clog the pores of the
skin. The removal of this compound is
largely the source of the feeling of re-
freshment following a vigorous morning
bath.

It is a sad story, and for the innocent
and the guilty—the tale of poor little
Earle Record, twelve years old, who died
at Kingman, Me., last week, from the
effects of his playmates' mischief. The
little fellow was badly bruised by larger
boys' blows, then a heavily loaded gun
was fired close to his head, the concussion
throwing him to the ground, his
head striking in the fall. The bruises
and fright brought on brain fever, which
resulted in death three days later. It
is also stated that a few weeks ago a little
girl, about six years old, died from the
effects of a blow on the breast from a
rock thrown by a boy in this same
school. Much can be forgiven to boyish
pranks, but not such cruelty and reck-
lessness as this, however severe may be
the pangs of the young fellows from
realizing what they have done.

It seemed strange on visiting the good
old town of Brunswick to find electric
cars running from there to Topsham.
They were a great convenience fair time,
being well patronized. In the building
of this road the world's record was
broken, for it was built, equipped and
commenced operation in twenty days.

The road reaches through Brunswick
from the city, and runs for one mile.
One month ago the steel rails were un-
disturbed one in the Pennsylvania mines.

Maine is furnishing more than her
share of tragedies. There'll be a revival
of demand for capital punishment
if things keep on.—Waterville Mail.

CITY NEWS.

—A city pastor forgot to bring his
written sermon, Sunday morning, and
had to depend entirely upon the Lord.
—We had a pleasant call, yesterday,
from Prof. Woods of the Experiment
Station, Orono.

—Alonso A. Young, worker in granite,
has gone into insolvency, with debts
amounting to some \$1300.
—There will be a lodge of Masonic
instruction, held under the direction of
Grand Lecturer F. E. Sleeper, in Masonic
Hall this Thursday evening.

—The Cony boys went to Bath, Satur-
day, and won the foot ball game from
the high school boys there by a score of
30 to 0. They were elegantly entertained
in the city of ships.

—A friend of ours, who attempted
to gather his own apples, broke his
ladder and the ladder commandment,
and thought it would be cheaper to buy his
apples than to gather them.

—The common council has adopted the
open shelves plan for the Lithgow
Library, but the board of aldermen is
still considering the matter. It has got
to come. The library must be free in
reality as it is now in name.

—Frank Cavanaugh, who escaped from
the insane asylum in this city,
Wednesday, was captured at Belfast,
Thursday evening, and brought back to
Augusta. He was tramping to his home
in Calais.

—"Can any of you tell me why Lazarus
was a beggar?" asked a teacher in a
Sunday school. "Why was Lazarus a
beggar?" she repeated, sternly. "Please,
ma'am, replied a small boy, whose
father was an editor, 'because he didn't
advertise.'"

—While working on the roof of the
State House, Will Tabor, who was en-
gaged in retinning, fell from the second
to the third roof, a distance of 12 feet,
receiving a sprained ankle. A little ways
further and his life would have paid the
fare.

—Before being taken to State Prison,
Thursday, Mike Burns said he had no

Poetry.

THE CONQUERORS AND THE CONQUERED.

For the Maine Farmer
BY E. M. M.
In sunlight's glow on hills of fame,
Behold the star-crowned victors stand!
The chosen ones their honors claim,
While plaudits echo through the land.
They wear their laurels high and low,
Who fought the fight and won the day;
And now they stand, where gazing down,
Upon their rugged upward way.
They hear glad songs of triumph rise,
The tribute to their mighty deeds;
And feel the joy he feels alone,
Who, in life's conflict, does, succeeds.
Alas! for those who never gain
The crown of fame the conquerors wear;
'Neath angry skies, who strive in vain,
To victory's mount their cross to bear.
The weary ones, who, by the way
Sink fainting down 'neath burdens sore,
Who from the path of duty stray,
And, hopeless, give the battle o'er.
Who, as the night draws swiftly on,
Review the past with bitter pain;
See work undone, and daylight gone,
And feel their lives are lived in vain.
And while the flag of triumph waves,
And nations praise the mighty, strong,
Forgotten, in their weed grown graves,
Lie hapless ones who won no song.
Emery's Mills.

For the Maine Farmer.

WORSHIP.
BY G. E. L.
In tender litanies the monk
Repeats the well-worn prayer;
In beaded lines his faith shines forth,
Makes holy all the air.
Friendship.

Our Story Teller.

A LUNATIC BALL.

As this story traveled in a roundabout way it may have been elaborated and built up before it came to hand, but the facts, as nearly as they can be learned, are about as follows:
Mr. Melton, a young man interested in the lumber trade, traveled on a suburban train one Friday night to attend the weekly dance at the asylum for the insane.
Mr. Melton is constantly longing for "experiences." He would rather look at an opium joint than a donation party and would rather go slumming than attend a Sunday school picnic. The ball at the insane asylum appealed to his love for the picturesque. Lowry, the politician, had promised to take him out, and Melton had not allowed him to forget the promise.
Lowry came aboard the train at one of the stations on the way out, and the two were warmly welcomed when they arrived at the asylum, for this Lowry was a companionable man of considerable influence.
As Melton stood in the doorway of the ballroom and glanced at the rows of well behaved and rather abashed people against the wall he could hardly believe that he was so different from the others. He reflected that if he were to arise some morning and tell the other boarders that he was the emperor of China and had more money than he could use he might become one of this company.
Except that many of them were pale and melancholy and a few of them were heavy eyed, intent on studying the floor, the assembly would have compared favorably with any chance gathering of respectable, everyday people.
He knew, of course, that the violent patients or those totally demented were not allowed at the ball. The company was made up of convalescents or those whose violence was merely twisted so that they could not see things in their proper relation. Some of the younger men had attained themselves with particular care and were butting and bowing. Many of the women, too, bore the outward marks of gaiety. Melton was rather disappointed. He had wanted to witness something "uncanny."
"I want you to dance this evening," said Superintendent Lucas, standing at his elbow. "One trouble with the visitors is that they stand around and stare at the patients as if they were a lot of freaks. Now, these people are not dangerous. You needn't believe everything they tell you, but if you mix up with them and are friendly you'll find them very easy to get along with. Come on, and I'll introduce you to some of them."
The little orchestra was tuning up, and a patient who had been installed by the floor manager was giving a correct imitation of a sane man who had been thrown under the same trying responsibility.
Melton had attended many evening parties, but he felt a new embarrassment as he passed along a line of demure women patients and bowed to each of them in turn. He shook hands with the superior of the men and then backed up to the wall to watch the opening. The superintendent, standing beside him, said:
"Oh, by the way, you must meet Miss Caldwell."
He beckoned to a young woman who was talking to the leader of the orchestra, and as she came across the room Melton whistled to himself and said:
"Here's a case of blighted love, and she's not over thirty."
"Miss Caldwell, I want to present Mr. Melton," said the superintendent. "He's rather bashful in company, but perhaps you can entertain him. Now I'll go and look after Lowry."
Melton found himself staring at a very pretty girl, who returned his gaze in a half frightened manner.
His head buzzed, and he never before was so much in want of a topic. How to begin conversation with a young woman who might fancy him to be the prince who had come to rescue her from the tower?
"Do you dance?" he asked in a sudden desperation.
She gave a start, and he imagined that she shrank back a little.
"Well, then, let's sit over here in the corner and watch the others."
They found an out of the way place, and Melton, who had recovered a little, remembered the instructions given him by the superintendent.
"These dances are very pleasant little affairs," said he. "They seem to be attended by an agreeable lot of people."
"I think it's a good idea to have them," said she. "You know most of these people, of course?"
"I've met a number of them," he replied.
"You like Mr. Lucas, don't you?"
"Very well indeed; nice fellow."

"He didn't tell you, did he, that I was a cousin of his?"
Mr. Melton began to suspect the nature of her delusion. He resolved to be diplomatic.
"Oh, yes, I knew that," he said. "So you're a cousin of Mr. Lucas?"
"Yes, I'm here visiting him. I've been here about two weeks. Mr. Lucas is so good to all the people here, isn't she?"
"Yes, indeed. She's very considerate."
Melton now understood the situation. This girl did not know that she was in an asylum. They had told her that she was a visitor.
"It's a nice place to come for a visit," said he. "I came out here with a friend of mine, a gentleman named Lowry. I live in Chicago."
"Oh, yes. Well, I'm sure you'll like it out here."
"I'm sorry I can't stay longer. I'm going back to town tonight on the late train."
"Going away tonight?"
"Yes, I have to go to Milwaukee in the morning."
"Why do you have to go there?"
"I'm going up to see about a deal in lumber. I may buy some hardwood lumber up there."
"How much?" she asked.
"Well, she's inquisitive enough," thought he, but he was tolerant and answered, "Oh, perhaps 1,000,000 feet."
"Oh, 1,000,000 feet! Won't that be nice? I hope you'll get it."
Melton was rather amused at her interest in his affairs. He began to question her.
"Will you remain here long?" he asked.
"No, I'm going to leave in a few days and go to New York. I have an uncle there, and I expect to take a trip with him on a yacht."
Melton repressed a smile at the reference to the "uncle" and the "yacht." He resolved to investigate further. He had heard that patients were always willing to talk of their delusions.
"I notice that you are wearing an engagement ring," said he. "So you are to be married, are you?"
For a moment she appeared startled and then she laughed heartily.
"I'm engaged to one of the nicest fellows in the world," said she. "You're not jealous, are you?"
This was more than Melton had bargained for. He had been impelled by the curiosity of the student, but he was not enough of a ghoul to have fun with the delusions of an unfortunate girl. He had detected the maniacal tone in her laugh.
"Oh, no," said he hastily. "I congratulate you."
She laughed again.
"If I remain here, I'll have her violent," thought he. So he excused himself and hurried over to rejoin Lowry.
As they rode to the city on the late train Melton told Lowry that the most interesting patient he had met was a girl who thought she was only a visitor at the asylum, and who expected to go to New York and ride on a yacht, and who, saddest of all, wore an engagement ring and really believed she was soon to be married to some nice young man who existed only in her disordered brain.
No longer ago than last week Melton was at luncheon in a quiet restaurant. He looked up from the bill of fare and saw at the next table—the asylum girl. She was radiant and smiling. She was chatting gaily with an elderly woman.
"By George, she's cured," said Melton to himself. "I wonder if she remembers anything that happened. If she does remember, it will be mighty embarrassing if she happens to recognize me."
Then he asked himself whether it would be proper to speak to her in case she recognized him. He knew the society rule as to ballroom introductions, but he had never learned what was good form in the case of asylum introductions. If he spoke to her, he would have to refer to her former meeting. That would be painful to both of them.
Suddenly the pretty girl looked toward him and gave a startled "Oh!" and then blushed furiously. He was recognized. He simply stared at the bill of fare to hide his confusion.
The voice of Superintendent Lucas aroused him.
"This is Mr. Melton, isn't it? Come over here. I want to tell you a story."
"No, no," exclaimed the young woman.
But Mr. Lucas, who had come into the restaurant to keep his appointment with the women, seized Melton by the arm and led him over to the other table.
"Mary," said he to the elderly woman, "this is Mr. Melton, who came out with Lowry that night. Melton, I'm going to tell you this. You've met Miss Caldwell."
The girl's face was one fiery blush, and she seemed ready to cry.
"Well, sir," said the superintendent without pity, "she met me that evening you were out there and told me that the most interesting patient she had met was a girl who thought she was only a visitor at the asylum, and who expected to go to New York and ride on a yacht, and who, saddest of all, wore an engagement ring and really believed she was soon to be married to some nice young man who existed only in her disordered brain."
"I'll never speak to you again," said Miss Caldwell decisively.
"And, by the way," continued Mr. Lucas, "she says you asked her if she was engaged."
"Really I must apologize," said Melton, a great light breaking in upon him. "I wouldn't have talked that way only I thought—well, you didn't say—I supposed she was one."
"What!" exclaimed the girl.
Mr. Lucas roared and poor Melton collapsed. Then there was a general understanding. They insisted that he take luncheon with them, and he did so, devoting the entire time to a labored explanation.—Chicago Record.

THE APPRENTICE.

Three hundred years ago there lived at Augsburg a lad named Willibald, apprentice to a smith, whose industry obtained him the regard of his master, while his good nature caused him to be a favorite with all who knew him. His master so highly estimated his skill that when the boy grew into a man he offered to make him his partner and hinted that he was not displeased at the young man's friendship with his daughter.
Willibald, though favored by the young lady, was quite free from any feeling of love for her, and the reason of his coldness was apparent.
In the small house opposite lived Dame Martha, a respectable widow, with a granddaughter of uncommon loveliness. Young Ellen had quite captivated Willibald, and when he saw her through the window or the open door he thought there could be no happiness so great as that of calling her his own. But the old woman seldom suffered her to stir from her sight; so that there was no opportunity for the young man to declare the passion with which the fair girl had inspired him.
For a long while Willibald sought some pretense to visit her dwelling, but fortune at length favored him. One day, when the snow made the ground so slippery as to be dangerous to an infirm person, he saw Dame Martha coming out of the church alone. He hastened to offer the assistance of his arm and conducted her home. She invited him to enter, for she thought that only a very worthy young man could be so attentive to an aged dame.
Who was now happier than Willibald? From this day he was one of Dame Martha's most frequent visitors and was always received with a welcome. In process of time he made bold to lay open his heart to the old woman and ask permission to make love to her granddaughter. "My dear young friend," was her first reply. "I have the highest esteem for you and could wish Ellen no better husband. I believe she loves you, too, but you have not yet sufficient for the support of a wife. Save from your wages a decent sum, say 30 goldpieces, for a beginning, then come and receive your bride with my blessing."
Willibald was almost beside himself with joy. He had now an object in life and a home, and he redoubled his industry, laying by carefully all he made.
About this time Dame Martha became indisposed with a bad cough, and her physician prescribed change of air; so she took a little cottage in the suburbs, about an hour's walk from the city.
One day, as Willibald approached the house, Ellen came to meet him weeping. She sobbed bitterly as he drew near and exclaimed, "Ah, Willibald, what a misfortune!"
You know it then? cried he with faltering voice.
"What—know—what?" asked Ellen quickly and eagerly.
"That I have been robbed of my box of money," answered the youth in a tone of anguish.
"Alas," replied Ellen, "then misfortune never comes singly. Yesterday a rich gentleman came to our cottage and demanded my hand in marriage. His name is Werner. He is a rich merchant from Ulm. Even now he is sitting in the room yonder with my grandma, drinking wine and telling her of his house and lands, while his servant, who stands by the chimney, confirms everything he says. But be comforted, dear Willibald. My grandma may say what she will; I will die rather than be faithless to you."
Here Dame Martha came out of the house and commanded Ellen to go in directly. The poor girl was forced to obey, and the old woman said to Willibald: "Young man, I came to say to you that I think it best that you should come no more to my cottage. A rich man is a suitor for my Ellen, and it is my duty to do what is for her good."
"Very good—very good," Dame Martha cried Willibald, half choking with emotion. "I say nothing of your conduct. If you choose to break an honest fellow's heart, and your own word also—'tis all the same to me."
And he hastened madly away.
Some hours must have passed unmarked in the indulgence of his grief, for it was late when he rose and tried to find his way homeward. After wandering about some time, without being able to discover the road, he found that he was in a churchyard. "There is the house where the people go to pray," murmured the youth bitterly. "Have I not also prayed? Have I not kept my soul from sin? Prayers will not give Ellen back, also would I pray—aye, to the bad fiend himself and promise to be his, so she would be mine."
Scarce had the distracted youth uttered these words when a sound of shrill laughter startled him, and, looking round, he saw a figure which he had no difficulty in recognizing by the well known horns and cloven foot. "I am here," cried he in hoarse tones. "I am here, and ready to do your bidding, asking only a small service in return."
"What is that?" Willibald muttered courage to say, though he trembled all over.
"I have a piece of work for you. I will take you to a spot where lies buried one of my subjects. You must make an iron railing round this grave and in reward I will give you your bride."
If you have nothing more to ask, I am content," replied the young man.
"This is all, but it is a harder task than you imagine. You have but one hour to work. At 12 noon must begin and the railing must be completed by the time the clock strikes 1. If it is done, you are free; if not, you belong to me forever."
Willibald pledged himself to the unhallowed contract and followed the fiend, who hobbled on till he stood by a new made grave.
At the same instant Willibald saw fire spring from the ground and caught a glimpse of several bars of iron and the tools of his trade. The clock struck 12, and, starting, he betook himself to work. So diligently did he apply himself that the work grew rapidly under his hand. A single screw only was wanting when the clock was heard striking 1, and Willibald fell to the ground insensible.
When his senses returned, it was morning, the sun was shining brightly, and he thought all that had passed a wild dream.
Full of shame and repentance, Willibald hastened to the church to pray for the pardon of his dreadful sin. His heart was lighter after the prayer, but he could not go home to work that day, and sadly he walked toward Dame Martha's cottage.
Ellen came to meet him, as before, and shed tears as she threw her arms around his neck.
"This time," she said, "they are tears of joy. When you left so suddenly yesterday, I came into the garden, where I might weep undisturbed. I sat there long after dusk, when, as I leaned my head on the table yonder, a female figure approached me. She resembled my dead mother and said: 'Weep not, my child, but pray—for your lover. He is in a very great danger. She vanished before I could thank her, but I remembered her words and prayed for you all night long.'"
The young man shuddered, but raised his eyes upward in thankfulness.
"Early this morning," continued the damsel, "came Herr Werner. I went out to meet him and told him I would die rather than become his wife. He was much vexed, but, without another word, mounted his horse and rode away, followed by his servant. My grandma was angry, but my conscience told me I did right, and now that you return to me in safety, Willibald, I am sure that I have the blessing of heaven."
And the young smith felt the same assurance, when, a few days later, his box of treasure was restored to him by his master's daughter, who, in a fit of jealousy, had stolen it from him. Dame Martha could no longer withhold her consent, but before Willibald dared to claim Ellen as his bride he confessed his great sin to the priest and submitted to the penance enjoined upon him, and this, of course, saved him.
The lovers were married and lived happily, remembering their past troubles only as a warning against discontent and an act of submission to Providence.—Exchange.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life.
Every time it will cure Backache.
It has cured more cases of leucorrhoea by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills will in union with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash is of great value for local application.

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"BUSINESS."

Mr. Percival Houghton was standing near the door in the Paultons' drawing room.
Houghton was not a very popular member of his set on account of a peculiar faculty he had of avoiding all social functions. He was to be found at the Paultons' today—well, if the matter were probed to the bottom, principally because he was an old friend of the family and Jack Paulton had reminded him he must not send a refusal at the peril of a serious breach in their friendship.
Some one plucked his sleeve. It was his hostess.
"You remind me very much," said Mrs. Paulton, "of a statue I once saw of Achilles, I think it was. Why this heroic abstraction?"
Houghton had not yet spoken of his embarrassment when she put an end to it by a question of the most delicate kind.
"Come, let us descend to things more substantial than dead heroes, if not less poetical. I have a pleasant surprise in store for you."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. Let me fetch you to an old friend just returned from over the sea—Miss Alice Coates."
She conducted him to the damsel in question and left them together.
"I'm heartily glad to see you again, Miss Coates," said Houghton, a trifle awkwardly.
"You may call me Alice, as you did before I went abroad," said the girl with whom Mrs. Paulton had left him, and then mischievously, "though I am quite grown up now, you see."
"Dear me, yes; quite grown up. Do you remember our chats, when we used to poke fun at the country old dames at your mother's 'at home'?" I have never found congenial company since you went abroad, and I have gone out of society entirely—become a kind of commercial anchovy."
"How fortunate you are. But then you never really cared for society, did you?"
"No, indeed, nor did you. Are your ideas unchangeable, Alice?"
"Well, in a way. I still think, as you used to say, the world would be better off if it did not trifle with precious time. Yet—and I know you will pardon me—I am surprised to find you single. Is it possible there has been no one charming enough to break through the pessimistic ice of your nature?"
"No, indeed. But though I will not be so vain as to say it is entirely yet I will be bold enough to say to my old confidant it has been largely due to the fact that I have not had the time to devote to love-making. And, you know, it takes a great deal of gadding about before a man may even evidence his affections slightly."
"That's very true."
"Now, don't you think yourself that the conventional working is a very lamentable sacrifice of time?"
"If the woman in me decides, no; but if I persevere along strictly common sense lines, perhaps yes."
"How charming you are! Jove! You have not changed a jot, Alice, since your hair has been turned up and you have adorned the harness of social slavery. But to continue our subject, I honestly think this business of love and marriage might be expedited, for instance, in the commercial way. A mad comes into my office with a proposition that is almost as important to me as a marriage, for it affects my life's affairs; very radically. He wants an answer that same day—immediately, if possible. Then, take, say, half an hour or an hour to turn the matter over in your mind and view it in every light. As a rule, in that length of time I have come to a satisfactory conclusion. Now, if I could find a woman to whom I might say: 'Here, let us expedite matters. Let us get this preliminary business of love-making over immediately and come to the point without further ado—Of course it should be some one with whom one is rather well acquainted, as, for instance, you and I—'
"Mr. Houghton!"
"There, there; you see hereby will crop out even in an old adherent. Let me continue. I take out my watch this way and say: 'It is just 10 o'clock now, Alice. I love you very dearly. Will you marry me tomorrow?'"
"How charmingly ridiculous!"
"That's right. So it is, perhaps, ridiculous, and I shall have to turn in again on my poor, old lonely soul—no one understands."
"But, my dear friend, am I to believe your peculiar theories carry you seriously so far as that?"
"I am profoundly in earnest. My affairs of business are so absorbing that I hardly can give no time to love-making."
"Then you deserve never to get a wife!"
Don't waste time. Gain vital, valuable knowledge at once—knowledge worth thousands of dollars, which comes to you absolutely free. Many very common ailments come upon us with very alarming symptoms. People have really died of fright. It is a desirable thing to leave all physiological and medical knowledge to the doctors. This was Dr. Pierce's idea when he wrote his great book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." He has described hundreds of common ailments and prescribed the means of cure. He has devoted a few terse, plain, chaste chapters to the reproductive physiology of both men and women. The book is illustrated and contains over 1000 pages. In these pages there is condensed much of the best of all a busy doctor has gathered in thirty years devoted to the study and practice of medicine. Any one may possess this great book by sending 21 one-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Anyone who wants the book bound in fine French cloth may secure it by sending to cents extra (1 cent in all). Do to-day. The offer is open for only a limited time.
Nothing will kill all the energy and ambition in either a man or woman more effectively than constipation. The bowels are clogged with poisonous matter that should be cast out. The blood is soon loaded with impurities. The organs and tissues are diseased. The system is poisoned. The head aches. The skin becomes sallow and the vision is dim. The stomach is full, the breath becomes foul. The stomach is sour and the appetite poor. Constipation, the sole cause of all this trouble, is promptly and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

"BUSINESS."

Mr. Percival Houghton was standing near the door in the Paultons' drawing room.
Houghton was not a very popular member of his set on account of a peculiar faculty he had of avoiding all social functions. He was to be found at the Paultons' today—well, if the matter were probed to the bottom, principally because he was an old friend of the family and Jack Paulton had reminded him he must not send a refusal at the peril of a serious breach in their friendship.
Some one plucked his sleeve. It was his hostess.
"You remind me very much," said Mrs. Paulton, "of a statue I once saw of Achilles, I think it was. Why this heroic abstraction?"
Houghton had not yet spoken of his embarrassment when she put an end to it by a question of the most delicate kind.
"Come, let us descend to things more substantial than dead heroes, if not less poetical. I have a pleasant surprise in store for you."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. Let me fetch you to an old friend just returned from over the sea—Miss Alice Coates."
She conducted him to the damsel in question and left them together.
"I'm heartily glad to see you again, Miss Coates," said Houghton, a trifle awkwardly.
"You may call me Alice, as you did before I went abroad," said the girl with whom Mrs. Paulton had left him, and then mischievously, "though I am quite grown up now, you see."
"Dear me, yes; quite grown up. Do you remember our chats, when we used to poke fun at the country old dames at your mother's 'at home'?" I have never found congenial company since you went abroad, and I have gone out of society entirely—become a kind of commercial anchovy."
"How fortunate you are. But then you never really cared for society, did you?"
"No, indeed, nor did you. Are your ideas unchangeable, Alice?"
"Well, in a way. I still think, as you used to say, the world would be better off if it did not trifle with precious time. Yet—and I know you will pardon me—I am surprised to find you single. Is it possible there has been no one charming enough to break through the pessimistic ice of your nature?"
"No, indeed. But though I will not be so vain as to say it is entirely yet I will be bold enough to say to my old confidant it has been largely due to the fact that I have not had the time to devote to love-making. And, you know, it takes a great deal of gadding about before a man may even evidence his affections slightly."
"That's very true."
"Now, don't you think yourself that the conventional working is a very lamentable sacrifice of time?"
"If the woman in me decides, no; but if I persevere along strictly common sense lines, perhaps yes."
"How charming you are! Jove! You have not changed a jot, Alice, since your hair has been turned up and you have adorned the harness of social slavery. But to continue our subject, I honestly think this business of love and marriage might be expedited, for instance, in the commercial way. A mad comes into my office with a proposition that is almost as important to me as a marriage, for it affects my life's affairs; very radically. He wants an answer that same day—immediately, if possible. Then, take, say, half an hour or an hour to turn the matter over in your mind and view it in every light. As a rule, in that length of time I have come to a satisfactory conclusion. Now, if I could find a woman to whom I might say: 'Here, let us expedite matters. Let us get this preliminary business of love-making over immediately and come to the point without further ado—Of course it should be some one with whom one is rather well acquainted, as, for instance, you and I—'
"Mr. Houghton!"
"There, there; you see hereby will crop out even in an old adherent. Let me continue. I take out my watch this way and say: 'It is just 10 o'clock now, Alice. I love you very dearly. Will you marry me tomorrow?'"
"How charmingly ridiculous!"
"That's right. So it is, perhaps, ridiculous, and I shall have to turn in again on my poor, old lonely soul—no one understands."
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Colds, Coughs, Catarrh, Chaps, Chafing, Chilblains, Colic, Croup, Cramps.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Parsons' Pills.

It soothes every ache, every bruise, every cramp, every irritation, every lameness, every swelling everywhere. It is for INTERNAL, as much as EXTERNAL, use. It was originated in 1810, by Dr. A. Johnson, an old Family Physician. Every Mother should have it in the house.
"Best Liver Pill Made."
Use Johnson's Liniment for catarrh. I have tried almost everything recommended for catarrh, but find Johnson's Anodyne Liniment far superior to any. I use it as you direct. J. R. WHITFIELD, South Windham, Vt.
Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. Doctors' Signatures and Directions on every bottle. All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.
While, if you cannot sacrifice your business for her, your lovingness is the best part of a woman's life."
"Ah, well! I had expected to find in you, if not a firm believer in my theories, at least a strong sympathizer. That settles it. You are the last straw. I shall never marry."
Alice, of course, might have turned the conversation into other channels, but somehow she did not feel that she wanted to do so.
"Well, supposing, Mr. Houghton," she began, after a pause, "I should say in the rustic fashion: 'I love you also very dearly. I am willing.'"
Though she tried to say this with admirable simplicity her face flushed in spite of her.
Houghton noticed the blush, and straightway became himself excited, yet without betraying it.
"Good," said he. "I should say: 'And now, if you will excuse me, I shall speak with your father. He is here, I understand?'"
Then, taking out his watch, "It is now 15 minutes to 10. Where's your father?"
"I think he is"—and never, until her dying day, will she understand how these words escaped her with such perfect inconsequence—"I think he is in the library with Mr. Paulton."
Houghton arose, and, putting the watch back into his pocket, made as to go away.
Miss Coates caught his sleeve. She was trembling, and the smiles had died out of her face. Said she: "Oh, Percy!—I mean Mr. Houghton—don't be so foolish. He will think you are insane." He drew the sleeve away gently. "Be careful, Alice," said he. "We are attracting attention. Don't make a scene." The next moment he was gone, and in a daze of excitement and confusion Alice hurried to the conservatory and dashed in among the palms.
When Houghton walked into the library, he found Alice's father and Jack Paulton smoking and chatting listlessly.
"Major Coates, I have just proposed to your daughter, and she has accepted me. Are you willing we should be married tomorrow?"
The cigar fell from the lips of the major, and he looked in blank amazement, first upon his interrogator and then upon Paulton, with a slight questioning aspect in the last glance. Paulton burst out laughing, and the major turned again to Houghton helplessly and said:
"Percy, my boy, have you lost your senses?"
"True," the other answered, drawing a chair up to the table, "this requires some explanation. Doesn't it?"
Then he told them of the conversation between himself and Alice as well as explaining incidentally many of his views of life which bore directly and some even which had no bearing at all upon the subject at present of vital interest.
"But Alice!" said the major. "I cannot believe she is a party to such wild plans."
"Oh, yes, I know she will be agreeable," answered Houghton. "She has said so."
"I am sure she will have changed her mind by this time. She has had time to think over collectedly. I'll go and ask her."
"No," put in Paulton, rising. "Let me do that for you."
"I'll give you just three minutes, Jack," said Houghton.—London Sun.
Costly Bottle of Champagne.
Some years ago Mr. Gladstone had met a possible claimant for a civil list pension whom he believed to be in a scientifically poor circumstances and had almost decided to grant it when he received an invitation to dinner with the person in question. This raised some doubt in his mind. On the one hand, should a civil list pensioner be able to afford to entertain? On the other hand, it might only be a dinner of herbs, and it seemed hard to deprive a public benefactor of a pension because he was ready to share his crust and water. Knowing that in any case there would be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, Mr. Gladstone accepted the invitation, and on the way propounded to his companion the following test: "No champagne, pension; champagne, no pension." There was champagne, and the host lost his pension. It was the dearest bottle of wine on record, for it cost the purchaser £100 a year.—London News.
Prentiss and His Wit.
Sargent S. Prentiss was a great lawyer and an eloquent orator as well as a humorist, but his humor, though at times excessive, never obscured his oratory or weakened his argument.
He was once engaged in a political discussion on "the stump" with a gentleman who was witty, dull and spoke "against time" so that Prentiss might speak at a disadvantage. It was nearly dark when Prentiss rose, and the same moment a jackass in a neighboring pound began braying and kept it up until Prentiss' friends were annoyed and his opponents delighted. When the jackass stopped, Prentiss, casting a comical look at his unfair antagonist, said: "I did not come here today to reply to two equally eloquent speeches." Then he sat down, and his friends carried him from the stand in their arms.—Youth's Companion.
Wanted to Be Like George.
Willie Littleboy—I wish I had been George Washington.
Papa—Why, my son?
Willie—Why, papa, he couldn't tell a lie, and so when he was visiting and was asked if he would like another piece of cake, instead of saying "no" just for the sake of being polite he told the truth and said "yes."—Exchange.

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Then, taking out his watch, "It is now 15 minutes

Horse Department.

Colic
Croup
Cramps

Animent

Colic, Croup, Cramps, and all other ailments of the horse, are cured by the use of this medicine. It is a valuable remedy for all ailments of the horse, and is sold by all druggists.

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COUGHS

Don't rely upon ordinary cough mixtures if you have a really bad cough. They usually contain opiates and make matters worse by demoralizing digestion.

ANCIENT'S
PETROLEUM
EMULSION

is a two-fold help. It soothes and heals the soreness and inflammation of the throat and lungs, and at the same time assists stomach and bowel action. Perfectly agreeable to take and greatly superior to Cod-Liver Oil in results.

Druggists \$1.00. Pamphlet mailed free. ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Poultry Department.

Quality in eggs comes from breed and feed. Flavor comes from food, water and air.

Farmers having silos will do well to use a little of this daily for the hens, cooking thoroughly and mixing with the bran and meal. Well cured silage is valuable for the poultry.

It is a matter of surprise that more of our young men do not start out and learn the hen or green duck business. Here are good fields for the specialist, and there is hardly a limit to the demand. Prices may or may not rule as high in former years, but they will pay a good profit for all time.

If the hard times will only wake us up to the necessity for a more careful study of variety and quantity of food products for the poultry, it will be the great blessing of the age. But for it we should have gone for years without realizing the saving value of clover or the economy of green bone. In these two inexpensive agents there are more dollars for the hen man than in the whole list of egg foods and nostrums.

Where are the turkeys? A month spent in driving about the State shows but very few broods around the farm buildings, yet they will be wanted before November 20, and at a price to yield a profit of one dollar per head to the grower. Again must Maine tables be supplied Thanksgiving day with western turkeys, not fresh, but coming from cold storage, and lacking the freshness and flavor to be found in the home grown article.

More and more is the lesson being forced home to the producer that it is the young, fresh article or animal which sells the quickest, and for the best price in the leading markets. Young, well grown beef is wanted, rapidly grown chicks, to dress four pounds, fill the bill exactly, and the same is true everywhere. Let us have more of the home grown and rapidly grown stock. Here is the line of profit. The pound gained at ten or twelve weeks cannot cost as much as the one coming on at five or six months.

If the breeders of Maine are alive to their own interests they will see to it that a first class poultry show is held the coming winter. The Farmer has urged this year after year but so far with little response. Nothing so promotes an industry as the bringing together of a number of men interested, and the exhibiting of their stock. We have in Sagadahoc county a local organization, why not centre there and hold a show in December or January? The whole State would be benefited and breeders would spring up over every hand.

One of the good features of the poultry business to-day, is that it is either dropping out of the hands of those who might be called strictly fanciers, or else this class is leaning hard towards the side of practical utility, for the goods shown at nearly all our fairs indicate breeding along the line of greatest service. The egg type is evidently being sought as never before for the simple reason that there are more dollars in eggs than in poultry for the great majority. Go where one will and the same story may be read, one promising better things in the future than have yet been secured.

"See there," said a poultry keeper the other day, "you advised me to grow ducks, and there are over one hundred. I cannot fatten them; they roam the fields, and have eaten their heads off twice over. Was that good advice?" Calling for the letter, it was found that it urged strongly that all ducklings be dressed and sent to market before ten weeks old. "Yes," said the owner, "but I was having then and could not afford to take the time." It was a fact, those ducks were eating their heads off and doing nothing but grow bone and feathers, and these don't pay to-day. Who was to blame?

Place the roosts where a curtain can be dropped in front during the coldest nights and there will be little danger of frozen combs. If the temperature is low and the day dark, carry a larger quantity of warm water to the pens. Hens kept comfortable seldom freeze their combs or wattles. At the same time it is well to remember that there are breeds more likely to have trouble than others, and in purchasing it is well to select those with small combs and wattles or that these be trimmed. A frozen comb means days and weeks of idleness usually, and the feed bill runs right along.

Look first of all to the drainage of the winter quarters for hens. If dampness creeps in disease will follow. See that floorings and walls are to be kept dry. This attended to, the warmth of the building requires attention. Make all snug and tight. See that the windows fit close, and all broken glass is repaired. Be sure there are no cracks in the walls. Provide a double box ventilator running from the floor well out through the roof. Put fan openings in either side, on one side near the floor, the other well up towards the ceiling. No artificial heating will be profitable unless a complete system is put in, and the so-called

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case. Once a week use air-slaked lime instead of plaster, dusting it on the floor, on the walls, in the nests, under the roosts and on the yard, and you will make the lice uncomfortable and prevent many diseases that may attack the flock in summer.—P. Keeper.

THE HENS SAVED NEBRASKA.

All honor to the American hen. She has saved the day in Nebraska. She has proved herself the friend of the poor, the protector of home-builders from dispossession. She has tidied the unfortunate farmers of Nebraska through a great industrial collapse. Her cheerful, incessant cackle has scared the wolf of starvation from many a door. It is a literal truth that but for the hen thousands upon thousands of Nebraska farmers would have been forced to give up the fight against drought and crop failure during the last three years. While everything else was going to rack and ruin, she has increased and multiplied, has asked for no other food than that which her own industry has provided. She has supported the very insects which the farmer dreads she has fattened upon. She has laid her daily egg—the blessed egg that takes the place of beef, mutton and pork—and in good time, after all these services to her country, has surrendered her own toothsome body to the cause of human food. She is the best bird in the land—all honor to the American hen!—Chicago Herald.

DUCKS FOR PROFIT.

A duck should lay 120 eggs a year if of a good breed, and in March and April the eggs sell for twice as much as hens' eggs. If we take the weight of the eggs in consideration, the duck lays as much in one year as the hen does in two years. As ducks make rapid growth, and lay large eggs "early and often," they are, as a consequence, very voracious, and require a large amount of food, but as they will eat anything that is eatable, and prefer bulky food, they are not expensive, considering the services they perform. A good Pekin, Aylesbury, Brazilian or Rouen duck will show excellent results from the management given, and will yield a profit far beyond anything that can be derived from the common duck. A mess of cooked turnips or potatoes makes an excellent meal for them. Grass chopped fine and sprinkled with meal, is another cheap food. If they have a pasture, they will seek their own food, requiring only a little grain at night. In winter, chopped, scalded hay is excellent for them. When laying they should be given an allowance of chopped, fresh meat three times a week. Soft food is preferred by them to whole grains. Though an aquatic bird, the duck loves a dry place at night, and should sleep on a board floor.—Poultry Keeper.

SOME POULTRY DON'TS.

Don't try to keep several breeds on the farm. Two is one too many for the best results. Don't overfeed the chickens or the hens. They do better if they have to scratch for what they get. Don't neglect to fight the lice in the hot weather. Eternal vigilance is the price of good poultry. Don't think that the poultry yard can take care of itself. It needs constant attention—but there is no place on the farm where attention gives better results.

Don't waste vegetables and scraps.

Boil them up and feed them to the chickens. Don't fail to provide an abundance of fresh water for the fowls. Don't shut out the fresh air and sunshine. Let both into the coops and the houses. Don't forget that "variety is the spice of life," and hens must have a variety of feed to get the best results. Don't forget that it is as easy to kill with care as neglect. The hen is like a man; if she doesn't work for her living she never amounts to much in the world. Exercise is as great a necessity as is food. Don't fail to study the individual characteristics of your flocks. Some hens are better than others; livelier, more alert, lay more and are less liable to disease. These are the hens to select for breeding purposes.

A PLEA FOR COMMON SENSE.

The common hens are of all shapes and colors that fowls ever grow, and they are usually neglected, abused, half starved, and left to shift for themselves generally; but for all that they generally pay their way, and more too—live and thrive, and bring up big families of healthy chickens under the most discouraging circumstances. Our common fowls are extremely hardy, good foragers, mature early, are good layers, good mothers and excellent mothers, and if you cannot afford to start with a flock of pure bred fowls, believe me, it will pay to start with common fowls. Take the same pains with them that you would with a stock of thoroughbreds, and they will respond quickly and generously. There is something—a good deal—in blood, but there is also an immense deal in care and feed.

If size be your object, select your best common hens, and mate them with a rooster of some of the larger breeds; if you desire egg production, select the vices of an attendant secured to watch out against wide variations. Better by far make the buildings comfortable, and let the hens warm them by exercise.

ODOR IN THE POULTRY HOUSE.

If the poultry house is kept as it should be, one should be able to go into it at any time without noticing any odor. It requires excellent management and thorough cleaning to have the poultry house in such condition, yet it is not so difficult as may be supposed. To have the house clean, always scatter dry dirt liberally under the roosts and on the floors, and then scatter a handful of plaster over the dirt. When next you clean the house, simply sweep it with a broom, and repeat the application of dirt and plaster. By this method the work of cleaning can be done in a few minutes, is not disagreeable, and the house will be clean and free from disease.

NANCY LAPPES.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripper, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

No more eloquent plea for the higher education can be urged than the statistical fact that two-thirds of the teachers of this country are women.—Baltimore American.

hens that you know to be the best layers; and for any other special purpose, select males from a breed that possesses the qualities that you may desire. Chickens from these crosses will be "half blood," and much superior to common fowls. The next year mate the best of the half-blood pullets to pure bred cocks, and keep the best of the pullets from this cross for breeding stock the third year. In this way, always keeping your best hens and pullets each year, and using only thoroughbred cocks, you will, in a few years, have a flock of fowls that for all practical purposes, will be just as good as though you had started out with thoroughbreds.

If you have not the cash to buy pure bred cocks to mate with hens to begin with, don't think that you can do nothing towards improving your common fowls. Common fowls can be greatly improved in point of size by always selecting the largest and best to "keep over" to breed from; and the laying qualities can be improved by always setting only eggs from the hens that are known to be the best layers. On some farms where this course has been steadily followed year after year, the fowls have greatly increased in size, and rival the Leghorns and Hamburgs in egg production. In one case that came under my observation, in five years, from the time the improving process commenced, the average egg product from the hens had increased one-third, and the average weight of the fowls had increased in about the same proportion. In all that time no "fresh blood" was introduced into the flock; the improvement was wholly due to food, care, and the selection of the best each year. Of course the same results could have been reached in two years by the use of thoroughbred roosters; but the woman who owned these hens didn't have the thoroughbred roosters, nor yet the money to buy them, so she went ahead and did the best she could with such fowls as she had, and her best was very good indeed. It is a fact that the winter after her hens laid more eggs than any other flock in the neighborhood; and there were some thoroughbred flocks among her neighbors.

Now, you needn't try to twist this into an argument or anything else in favor of common fowls over the improved varieties, for it isn't anything of the kind. I believe in improved varieties of fowls, believe that thoroughbred and very high grade fowls will pay the farmer and market poultry raiser better than common fowls, just as surely as the thoroughbred and grade Jersey or Holstein cow will pay the farmer and dairyman better than a common cow; but I also believe that there are many, very many, who have read so much of the book that has been written about starting with "the best" that they really believe it will not pay to start until they have money enough to buy a flock of high priced thoroughbred fowls, and I am trying to show them that it will pay to start with "just common fowls," and improve the stock as they go along.—From an address before a Farmers' Institute in Minnesota, by Mrs. Ida E. Tildon.

STUCK IN THE BACK.

The Curious Accident Which Befell an Aged Lady. From the Press, Utica, N. Y. Mrs. Nancy Lappes, the widow of the late Mr. John Lappes, of Erie County, New York, and now residing with her son, Rev. Daniel P. Lappes, the pastor of the Baptist Church of Brookfield, New York, is an old lady nearly seventy-seven years of age, well known in the locality where she now resides, and in Erie County, her husband having been one of the "forty-niners," or California pioneers. Several years ago she accidentally sustained an injury to her spine, which resulted in creeping paralysis or palsy of both hands and wrists, from which she has been cured. Her case being a remarkable one on account of her great age, Mrs. Lappes' own statement of her cure is given:

"My name is Nancy Lappes, I am nearly seventy-seven years old, and the widow of John Lappes, of Erie County, who died some three years ago, at Eden, New York, since which time I have resided with my son, Rev. Daniel P. Lappes, a clergyman of the Baptist Church, and living now at this place. About five years ago I was overtaken by a curious accident, through some boys who were playing on the street with boxing gloves at Eden, New York. By some means while running into the post office, I was struck in the back by one of the boys, the blow resulting so seriously that for months I was unable to lie down, but had to take my rest in a chair, and suffered great pain from injury to the spine. I was gradually affected by creeping palsy in both hands, which would become deadly white, beginning at the finger ends, the nails being blue, and the sense of touch or feeling in the affected parts suspended. "The physicians, when these attacks appeared, would order me to immerse my hands in hot water, and this general remedy gave temporary relief, but the attacks became more frequent, and I knew if they were not stayed, I should entirely lose the use of my hands, if not my arms. The doctors said they could do no more for me, but I determined not to leave any stone unturned that could afford me possible relief.

"At this time I learned through the newspapers some of the extraordinary cures that had been effected in all manner of diseases, by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and with my husband's full consent I began to take them. Improvement began in my condition almost immediately, and in a few months all symptoms of the palsy left me, and I have never returned since. I am a firm believer in the efficacy of Pink Pills, and always shall be.

"NANCY LAPPES." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripper, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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A CITY LOVE SONG.

All woodland songs our ears must lack. In a city three fair birds must woo. For in a city three fair birds must woo. My love has built a nest for you. There, oak secured from duns and hares. We'll grow domestic as you wish. And buy our poultry at the stores. And in the market buy our fish.

Through the long day I'll read and write And sigh that work is long to do. And laugh with joy, my heart's delight. To think that work is done for you. And when the winter evenings come We'll bar the door and stir the fire. And tell old tales of youth and home And memory and the heart's desire.

Secure about the city's strife, We'll hear the rushing Broadway tide. And dowers will bloom about my wife More fair than those that decked my bride.

We shall not miss the woodland hower, Nor the sweet music of the cuckoo's cry. For love shall be our golden flower, And love shall be our golden song.

—Piscator in New York Sun.

VISIONS WHICH WARNED.

Two Instances Where Dreams of Horses and Fire Came True.

Dreams, like girls, "are queer," and dreams wherein horses figure largely take rank among the queerest. In the year 1890 a gentleman entered a promising career for a race to come off some time during the summer. He was speeding the horse on the last of the snow and wrote to his wife, who was visiting in a distant town, that his prospects for a race horse were rosy.

That night the lady, although not especially an admirer of horses, dreamed that she was sitting in the stand watching the finish of the race wherein her husband's horse was to take part. Replying to the letter, she said that his horse would win the race, the last heat several lengths ahead of a gray horse, the only other one she saw in her dream, and that the judge announced the time 2:30.4. The letter caused a good deal of amusement in the family during the months previous to the race, and finally when the day came five horses started, among them being a dark gray. The dream came true in every respect, the race being won in three heats, and at the finish the gray was the only one in it, the rest just coming into the stretch; time, 2:30.4. The dream I can vouch for, as I saw the letter weeks before the race took place.

Another gentleman, who was sleeping at an inn beside the track where his horses were stabled dreamed, that he saw the window of a stall containing a valuable young horse being stealthily opened from the outside. Then fire flashed and fell among the straw, revealing the horses in a state of terror, pawing and snorting loudly. The dream was so vivid that he awoke and fancied that he could in reality hear the horse striking the walls of his stall. He partially dressed and ran out, and not a moment too soon. Some miscreant had thrown a cloth burning and soaked with kerosene through the window. This had ignited the straw, and in a few seconds more the horse must have perished, though, fortunately, as it was he was but slightly injured.—Trotter and Pacer.



THE IDEAL CLARION. Actually Keeps a Fire 24 Hours. ESTABLISHED 1878. WOOD & BISHOP CO., INCORPORATED 1894.

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THE EXPERT WITNESS.

The present custom which permits each side to call in its own expert and pay him for his testimony is calculated to produce anything but expert testimony. The term expert applies to manipulation of facts to suit his client's case. It would be about as conducive to justice if each side were allowed to retain and pay a judge and jury of its own. In fact, the practice is so obviously calculated to defeat instead of aid the ends of justice that it is difficult to see how it ever originated. The mere fact that a witness is employed and paid by the defendant or plaintiff unconsciously enrolls him on that side, and there are few experts whose testimony is not modified by such an arrangement. This custom has led so often to a flat contradiction regarding facts between opposing authorities that the general public has lost confidence in such testimony. This is, of course, very unfortunate, as it is beyond question that a man who has devoted his life to a study, for instance, of poisons and their effects on the body is in a better position to judge of the probabilities in a given case than the ordinary layman or physician. Under a system where the expert is called by the court no question of bias could be raised, and science would not be disgraced from time to time by those who are willing to trade on their scientific reputation.—Popular Science Monthly.

Democracy and Education.

So long as the direction of man's intellectual life was in the hands of one or the few for the wide diffusion of political intelligence were not strongly felt. The divine right of kings found its correlative in the diabolical ignorance of the masses. There was no educational ideal, resting upon a social and political necessity, that was broad enough to include the whole people, but the rapid widening of the basis of sovereignty has changed all that. No deeper conviction pervades the people of the United States and of France, who are the most aggressive exponents of democracy, than that the preservation of liberty under the law and of the institutions that are our precious possession and proud heritage depends upon the intelligence of the whole people. It is on this unshakable foundation that the argument for public education at public expense really rests.—Educational Review.

A Man of Ability.

Tomson-Johnson has no ability of any kind. Jackson—No ability? Nonsense. Why, he can ask you for a loan in such a way that you thank your lucky stars for the opportunity to accommodate him.—London Fun.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of GEORGE A. WOOD, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs, all persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. Sept. 28, 1896. 40* GEORGE R. SMITH.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of JOHN E. SNOW, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs, all persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. Sept. 28, 1896. 40* GEORGE R. SMITH.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Executor of the will of JOSEPH H. GREELY, late of China, in the county of Kennebec,

